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Finger On the Button

THE passionate sense of urgency which inspired Mr George Kennan last Sunday night made his fourth Reith broadcast a political event. Its power was enhanced by the knowledge of every listener that while he spoke American patrol planes were circling overhead carrying H-bombs, which may destroy us all at any moment if some unknown bureaucrat or brass-hat loses his head or issues a wrong code word. The broadcast, massively ignored by the daily press, did something to bridge the gap between the common-sense appeals of laymen like Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley and the technical arguments of military pundits.

Mr Kennan was US Ambassador in Moscow and is a leading expert on Soviet affairs: he was a top official in the State Department with intimate, daily knowledge of the mechanics of the Cold War. Like most other serious students of Russia, he has steadily insisted that the Soviet challenge is primarily political, social and ideological; Communism's swift advance depends on its anti-colonial and nationalist appeal to less industrialised nations. Since America has discovered the Soviet lead in the nuclear race, all efforts to reach agreement with Moscow have been abandoned. The whole emphasis is now laid on a panic-stricken effort to multiply the counter-threat of destruction.

So far all who are not in a state of sputnik panic agree. Mr Kennan's even more urgent concern was to reply to the American theory of 'graduated deterrents'. If there can be no defence against H-bomb warfare, the experts argue, we must seek safety in defence by lesser wars waged with 'conventional weapons'. But, in fact, 'conventional' armies are already being 'nuclearised' as fast as possible; the soothing phrases of the experts conceal from the public the fact that conventional weapons may carry atomic warheads, each of the size that destroyed Hiroshima. The notion is now being popularised in the US that, since these are too big, atomic bombs of all sizes from tennis balls upwards can be used in a war which, it is ludicrously suggested, can somehow be confined within prescribed limits without involving the civil population. In 1955 military manoeuvres with conventional weapons in Louisiana were officially held to have proved that 'no such thing as a limited or tactical nuclear war in such an area' was possible; while a similar 'limited' operation in Germany, called *Carte Blanche*, carried out by Nato in the same year, was judged by the assessors to have killed 1,700,000 and wounded 3,500,000 civilians. In short, a limited conventional war—even one beginning with smaller nuclear bombs—is a mass murder of the population.

Nor is this absurdity about graduated deterrents the greatest cause of anxiety. Mr Dulles's stated policy is to arm all Nato powers with nuclear weapons. This is surely the speediest recipe for destruction. As long as the H-bomb is confined to America, Russia and Britain, some slender chance exists that it will not be used. If other powers have nuclear arms, every minor dispute becomes a threat of world war; no police operation can ever be risked. If Nato powers—both Turkey and Greece, for instance—have nuclear arms, what is to stop Russia arming Egypt and half a dozen other still hesitating nations? If West Germany, why not East Germany?

Though most Germans do not today desire to ensure their own destruction, Herr Strauss, the Minister of Defence—and no doubt many of his military advisers—see in this promise the chance of again cocking a snook at the West and of once again becoming a potentially aggressive power. Mr Kennan is surely right in saying that to rearm Germany will make any Russian withdrawal from Germany and central Europe 'unthinkable for once and for all for reasons of sheer military prudence, regardless of what the major western powers might be prepared to do'. He argues that the only effectice defence is in the internal healthy coherence of the West. If countries believe in themselves and are prepared, in the sense that every citizen is prepared, to defend himself and his home against an occupying force, he believes that Moscow will not consider it worth while to invade or destroy it. There are obvious objections to the theory that a modern nation can be defended by a militia. But there are far graver objections to the proposal—up for adoption at the coming Nato meeting—to provide all the western nations with their own buttons of suicide.

Comments on the Week's News

Touch-and-Go in Cyprus

It is too early yet to say whether Sir Hugh Foot's arrival in Nicosia will bring any relaxation in security measures or any change in attitude on the part of the Cypriot militants. Whether the truce can be maintained much longer is doubtful: the recent murder of a British soldier and the threatening tone of the latest Eoka pamphlets suggest that the Greek-Cypriots are not prepared to wait indefinitely for a gesture from the government – above all, the return of Makarios. Against this background, the blind obstinacy of Mr Lennox-Boyd's Commons statement this week seems devoid of sense – unless, of course, it is his intention to score a political point over Labour by making a resumption of violence inevitable! The government's line during the last two months has been that Labour's statement of policy at Brighton has effectively sabotaged any chance of negotiations until the next general election, and thus made violence more likely. If, therefore, violence occurs, ministers will doubtless lay the entire blame on Labour.

We hope the Greek-Cypriots appreciate the nature of the trap that is set for them. They may believe that, now Labour has effectively committed itself to self-determination after 'an agreed interim' period, one further effort on the part of Eoka will force the Conservatives, too, to adopt the new Labour line. This belief, however, is based on a dangerous misinterpretation of the Brighton decision. Although last week's official statement by the National Executive was, as Barbara Castle later affirmed on the BBC, an endorsement of the Brighton commitment, it was drawn up only after long discussion, and in spite of grave misgivings on the part of some Labour leaders. A return to violence on Eoka's part would undoubtedly strengthen the opposition of this minority, which is already half-convinced by the government's argument that the Brighton decision was a mistake: it could even lead to a retraction of the new policy. It is worth noting that the Labour Party statement itself urged Greek-Cypriots to abstain from violence and do nothing to impede negotiations with the present government; and this warning has now been echoed by Makarios. In a television interview last Monday in Washington, he said: 'Any new violence in Cyprus will make a solution of the problem there more difficult'.

Mr Price's Martyrdom

The contretemps over Mr George Price and the Guatemalan Minister spotlights one of the most unhappy positions in the Caribbean. When representative government was introduced to British Honduras over three years ago, fears were expressed that Mr Leigh Richardson and his Peoples' United Party might follow the example of Dr Jagan in British Guiana. Mr Richardson, however, resolutely turned his face against such an unwise policy and showed in office an administrative wisdom which seemed to be leading British Honduras along the constitutional path already marked out by Jamaicans and Barbadians. But Mr Richardson had to deal with a complex of prejudices. Partly because of a traditional hostility to Jamaica, the island from which British Honduras had previously been administered, partly from its Spanish and Catholic influences, the people of British Honduras were emotionally hostile to any contact with an emerging West Indian federation. Mr Richardson was accused of flirting with federation and lost control of his party. The PUP was seized by Mr Price and a group of supporters in the trade union movement. Here Leigh Richardson's political acumen failed; for, instead of fighting it out within the party machine, he broke away and formed a new organisation. In consequence, during the elections early this year, his rivals were able to cash in on the public loyalty to the PUP and they won all nine elective seats. Resistance to federation has stimulated the attraction towards Latin America, and, in particular, to Guatemala; and this attraction is not even offset by British economic aid. In fact the considerable unemployment and widespread poverty tends to be attributed to the British connection at a time when American money is prominent in other parts of Latin America. If the Colonial Office is anxious to retain British Honduras within the Commonwealth it could hardly have acted more unwisely.

A Bad Record on Malta

The Colonial Secretary's statement that at least three years' work remains for the Maltese dockyard, and the Admiralty contract for an underground oil storage installation, provide welcome short-term assurances to the Maltese people. They are not, however, substitutes for the essential decisions by the British government still to be made, on which the whole future of this island people rests. Two focal issues remain outstanding. First, it has to be decided whether Malta, on integration, is to be accepted as an integral part of the United Kingdom; secondly, a decision has to be reached whether the Maltese dockyard is to continue in operation or whether its work is to be curtailed or even terminated. The constitutional details worked out during the last negotiations were always understood to depend upon the first of these decisions. This may mean much to the Maltese, for it would ensure their right of free movement within the Commonwealth and a place on the British quota to the US. The second decision is, of course, vital to the livelihood of all Maltese people. The island has been used for British imperial needs and its entire economy based on the dockyard activity. If this work is curtailed or if the dockyard is closed there would seem little possibility in the near future of finding alternative employment for its workers, or another source of income for the Maltese treasury. The Round-Table Conference reported two years ago, and shortly afterwards the British parliament approved the policy of integration. It is intolerable that the British government should have held up essential decisions for so long. Moreover, defence cuts affecting Malta appear to have been decided without consideration for the Maltese people.

NEXT WEEK

Art Books

With contributions by Sir Kenneth Clark, Lawrence Gowing, Sir Herbert Read, John Summerson, Osbert Lancaster, David Sylvester, Michael Ayrton and Andrew Forge

Indonesia in Chaos

The fact that someone or some group could attempt to assassinate President Sukarno is a measure of his personal decline and of the chaos which has developed in Indonesian political life. The President was the hero of the national movement, of resistance and of the Republic. Hatred of the Dutch was – and is – his strongest passion. The failure of the Dutch to recognise Indonesia's claim to West Irian has gradually become the President's obsession, as well as a diversion from the serious problems of building up the country. The yes-men and the Communists who surround him now echo his slogans. The West Irian campaign was speeded up last month, when the Dutch and Australians signed an agreement to stand together against Indonesian claims and when the United Nations was once again due to discuss the issue. Sukarno then said the Indonesian people would adopt new methods that would startle the world if they failed in the UN; and his Minister of Information who is also chairman of the West Irian Liberation Committee threatened that if the recovery of Irian involved the risk of war, they had no alternative. These threats accompanied by anti-American campaigns – the Americans are supposed to be plotting to make naval bases in West Irian – have whipped up mass emotions and attacks on Dutch enterprises which may lead to the evacuation of all Dutch nationals. Foreign Minister Subandrio, returning from the UN, says the door is still not closed for the Netherlands to reconsider a fresh approach. But the ban on KLM, the strike in Dutch firms, and the seizure of the KPM shipping company are not likely to lead to any new approach. They will still further endanger Indonesia's economy and alienate many in the non-Communist world.

Obscenity Marches On

With the last session of parliament died the Obscene Publications Bill, which had been promoted by the Society of Authors and piloted through its second reading by Viscount Lambton. When the session ended the Bill was being considered by a Select Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Patrick Spens. The appointment of this committee had suggested that the government would really like to get something done about the obscenity laws. Mr Butler and Mr Simon, in particular, are known to be in favour of legislation. At the new session's ballot, in October, for priority among private members' bills, the winners were already committed to the adoption of other causes. But the Select Committee has nevertheless been reappointed and is to continue its unfinished work. The reappointment took effect on 19 November, with Sir Peter Agnew taking the place of Sir Patrick Spens. In accordance with protocol, the committee is now officially considering a 'matter' instead of a bill (since the Bill is not before the House in this session) and will probably finish hearing evidence by the end of February. There seems to be a good chance that, when it reports, a government bill will be introduced; and though this is likely to modify the Society of Authors' Bill in some respects, it will probaby preserve the three major principles – the right of author and publisher to defend a book, the redefinition of obscenity, and the need for the Attorney-General's sanction to prosecute

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

On With the War

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Assembly vote on the framework-law, and M. Gaillard's statements during the course of the debate, finally put an end to any hope aroused by the joint Moroccan-Tunisian offer of mediation. In these circumstances, M. Bourguiba has made it clear that he has given up the attempt to draw a distinction between 'sovereignty' and 'independence' – which, he has now decided, merely irritates the FLN without convincing France – and his party weekly, *L'Action,* summed up the episode as follows: 'The war will continue until France is obliged to respond to the aspirations of the Algerian people. Once again, the Paris government will be forced into action by the march of events and by foreign pressure. Once again, the fruits of a voluntary gesture will have been thrown away. . .'

Sad though it may be, the French rejection came as no surprise. For the moment, the French Right has the political initiative both in the Assembly – where the Gaillard government is its total prisoner – and among the public. A few hours in the press gallery during the framework-law debate is enough to give one a pretty clear idea of the present political temperature. Mendès-France was greeted with shouts of *A mort!* when he rose and walked towards the tribune, and throughout his speech he was interrupted with frenzied screams of abuse and hatred rarely heard even in the Palais Bourbon.

Neither his own divided party, the Radicals, nor the Socialists cheered him; only the Communist deputies replied to the shouts on the right by occasionally chanting *Le Fascisme ne passera pas.* Mendès-France's speech, moreover, was an essentially moderate one, which contained passages which even his own supporters might find it difficult to accept. He refused to accept the inevitability of complete independence for Algeria, and criticised the last three governments for pursuing policies which, sooner or later, would lead to it. He attacked them on their own ground by pointing to the basic contradiction of a policy which consisted of waging war with a peace-time economy. His criticisms were sufficiently pointed to arouse the fury of the Right; but, equally, he irritated the supporters of a negotiated settlement by his obstinacy in refusing to recognise the *prima facie* case for independence. 'It is surely true,' writes Claude Bourdet in *France-Observateur,* 'that Algerian independence is not so much an evil, whose effects must be carefully limited, as an inevitable event, whatever we do, and, what is more, a positive event, from which we must make it our business to draw the advantages, both for Algeria and France.'

Further afield, the post-war experiences of India, and even of Morocco and Tunisia, seem to back up this point of view. Mendès-France has shown a great deal of courage in criticising the 'pacification' policy, but in order to mobilise the resources of the French Left he will have to push his reasoning to its logical conclusion and opt for independence. Such a solution – on the lines Aneurin Bevan suggested when he visited France this summer – may one day provide Mendès-France with the majority to carry it through. At the moment, however, he is getting the worst of both worlds.

Delhi

India's Hunger

An Indian Correspondent writes: 'The gravity of the food situation demands national efforts transcending regional and party considerations. Given a sympathetic policy and helpful administration, we have no doubt our cultivators are capable of greatly accelerating production.' Thus concludes the report of the government of India's Foodgrains Inquiry Committee. The committee has emphasised that the need to import two to three million tons will be present even in a normal year for the next few years. In a developing economy, says the committee, prices, though they will fluctuate, will on the whole tend to rise.

The committee was set up in June last, after a meeting of the Congress Party's all-India committee. Criticism of government optimism clouded the atmosphere in which the Foodgrains Inquiry Committee was formed. Since its formation, the government's statements have tended to become more realistic. This tendency has coincided with the deterioration in the food situation following heavy rainfall and floods in some parts of the country; early, unexpected snowfall in others; and drought in Bihar, Uttar Pradesh, Orissa, parts of West Bengal, Madhya Pradesh and Bombay.

A fortnight ago, two days before the committee's report was laid on the table of the Lok Sabha, the working committee of the Congress Party adopted a resolution which surveyed the depressing food situation, and suggested long- and short-term remedies. The resolution said that, though 'there is no cause for alarm in the near future, it is essential that adequate preparations be made by central and state governments, as well as by the people, so that the period of difficulty during 1958 might be passed over without undue suffering to our people, and foundations should be laid for a much greater food production in the future. It is essential to keep the prices of foodgrains at a reasonable level'.

The committee has recommended first of all the formation of a price stabilisation board to formulate pricing policy and determine the arrangements for its implementation. Side by side with this will function the foodgrains stabilisation organisation. The organisation will maintain prices at a reasonable level by bulk buying when they tend to fall, or selling when they rise. The committee favours some form of compulsory procurement, and 'progressive and planned socialisation of the wholesale trade in foodgrains'. It believes that the foodgrains stabilisation organisation should be able to control a large proportion of the trade in three or four years. For this suggestion, it cites the Canadian Wheat Board as an example. In addition to these two bodies, the committee has recommended the setting up of a non-official central food advisory council to assist the Food Ministry and the price stabilisation board, and a prices intelligence division to collect the necessary data. The committee is opposed to a return to 'full control'; on the other hand, it considers that 'complete free trade' will aggravate price fluctuations. The solution, it says, lies somewhere in between the two extremes.

Some critics have questioned if there is at all need for the elaborate new agencies recommended, considering that the government has been buying, selling procuring grains in the past. The answer given to this usually is that some infusion of efficiency in the government's operations, which might come with a little reorganisation, would not be unwelcome. It is widely felt that the report contains an implicit suggestion for a change of emphasis towards agriculture in the second five-year plan. As one observer has pointed out, 'the gap of two million tons at the end of the second plan could mean a serious curtailment of resources for the next plan'.

Westminster

Half a Loaf Onwards

One of my childhood beliefs was that if only I could travel faster than light I should eventually catch up with the past, that, so to speak, I should run into Charles the First from behind. This week I have achieved much the same effect more comfortably by ambling along the corridor to the House of Lords.

There was Margesson, still with that look of icy insolence which terrorised young Tories in the Thirties taking snuff from a gold box and lounging, with assured proprietorship, on the bench which, strictly speaking, is reserved for judges. There was Lord Salisbury, head down near his chest and slack jaw working – chewing over the speech which, when it came, urged support for the Bill by giving, with controlled passion, about a dozen devastating reasons against it. There was Lord Woolton, that epitome of all party schemers, that paragon of partisanship, explaining that he represented independent opinion in the House. There was the elf-like Wedgwood Benn, still impishly swatting flies, Albert Victor Alexander still heaving on the quarter deck, Silkin still on the verge of making one of those speeches which seem to last about a fortnight but really last only about ten days, and Lord Love-a-Duck Attlee still doodling. Above them all was Lord Samuel who, 40 years ago, had moved the successful resolution that women be admitted to the House of Commons.

He stood at the box, composed and cogent as of old, gently hoping that those who supported Lord Airlie's anti-feminist point of view would 'exercise that absenteeism in which they are expert'. He asked for no concession to his age except that, when interrupted by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, he said that he would have given a conclusive answer to the noble lord's question if only he had been able to hear it. Inexorably condemning the hereditary principle as indefensible, he yet supported the government's bill because no foreseeable government was likely to produce anything better.

Such were the well-known figures from the past, some now half-forgotten. But all around them were other figures, whose present is obscure, whose past is inherited from their great grandfathers and whose groping efforts towards a future seemed now amusing, now pitiful. One after another they put down the special hearing aids with which all their lordships are provided and rose to read speeches. Had their points all been made before? No matter. Had their prepared arguments already been answered? Press on, regardless. It was inept, Lord Salisbury had said, to pretend that half a loaf was better than no bread if half a loaf was insufficient to keep the patient alive. He was followed by Lord Teviot. His lordship supported the bill because, he said, half a loaf was better than no bread. Lord Teviot was followed by another peer who, judging from the length of his notes, had spent many hours of anxious thought. He now gave us the benefit of this thought. Half a loaf, he

said, was better than no bread. The hereditary principle was good, said Lord Teynham, because hereditary peers, being independent of the party machines, were the true representatives of the common man. So it went on, late, late into the evening, while dinners cooled and anxious servitors peered into the night for signs of their returning masters. Earlier in the afternoon, coy references to the possible presence of women in the Lords had sent little giggles rippling across the red plush benches and a few sly glances towards the purdah enclosure where sat the graceful Lady Tweedsmuir.

But as the night drew on and the fog came up from the Thames, a depression too deep for giggles seemed to descend. Their lordships had tried so hard to be reasonable. Nearly all of them hated this bill; but they would pass it just the same. They'd let the women in. They'd let the life peers in. They'd continue to let in superannuated politicians whom their parties wanted to put out to grass – and, maybe, by paying a living wage, they would even make the grass a bit lusher. Surely now, they asked themselves, those Labour chaps would be reasonable too and leave them alone. As the last rustle died, their lordships could still hear a sound in their Chamber, the sound of a bell tolling in the middle distance; and no one bothered to ask who it was tolling for.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

How Communists Run a Union

THE Communist clique which controls the Electrical Trades Union – aided, of course, by the *Daily Worker* – has been doing its best to pretend that it is no more than a group of ardent trade unionists who have been misrepresented and abused by the 'capitalist press'. This is nonsense, and this tactic is being employed solely to confuse members of the union who might otherwise be looking a little more closely at the way the union is run by Mr Foulkes, Mr Haxell and half-a-dozen other Communists.

If, indeed, the activities of the Communists within the ETU over the past ten years could be properly investigated, it is doubtful whether one party member would ever again be elected to a union office. In the meantime, the intrigues of this group of Communist bosses have brought discredit, not only on themselves – they are indifferent to that – but on their union; and some of this discredit is bound to rub off on the trade union movement as a whole.

The indictment against this Communist fraction is a long one. Since it took over, the financial assets of the union have dwindled until drastic economies have had to be made, and the dues have had to be increased, to keep the ETU solvent. There have been very strange returns in the ballots by which Communists have won all the national offices and a controlling position on the lay executive. The disciplinary powers of the union have been used to hamper or silence anti-Communist criticism. And now, apart from the scandal of the latest elections, the Communists have secured a revision of the rules of the union which further tightens and will help to perpetuate their control.

This question has been forced into the open by Mr Les Cannon's bid for election to the inner group which effectively runs the union – a group which at present is entirely Communist. The Communists were determined to defeat him, for Mr Cannon left the CP and the party fraction which directs the ETU only last year, and he knows far more than any outsider about the way things are actually done. His election would have been a most serious blow to boss-rule. The union rules require that decisions of this sub-executive be unanimous; and Mr Cannon, if elected to it, would have had a veto on the advice tendered by Mr Peter Kerrigan, the industrial 'specialist' of the CP. But Mr Cannon was defeated, after the votes of branches which would have given him a majority over his Communist opponent had been disqualified for 'irregularities'. The ETU leaders have issued a statement arguing that Mr Cannon was defeated legally. But the statement is disingenuous, and very serious doubts about the election remain.

It is true that the remedy lies ultimately in the hands of the membership. But what happened to Mr Cannon shows how difficult it is even for a popular union leader successfully to challenge a well-entrenched Communist caucus. Before this last revision of the rules the procedure for challenging executive decisions was so complicated, and gave such an advantage to any group in control, that nothing short of a widespread and technically competent revolt stood any chance of success. And now, since last week-end, the procedure for appeal has been made more complex, the penalties for 'indiscipline' – such as circularising branches or talking to the press – have been increased, and the central caucus has been given power to hand-pick the two lay members who serve on the powerful sub-executive. The ETU leaders seem to be bent on remodelling their union on the pattern of 'democratic centralism'.

Yet there is one respect in which the ETU differs from some other unions: none of its high offices is held for life. Each of the full-time officers is elected for a five-year term, and the executive members sit for two years. The Communists must therefore face a series of contests in the next few years – contests in which they might gradually be replaced. This will happen on two conditions only. First, if they are challenged by effective and attractive non-Communist candidates. Secondly, if the rank-and-file come to see that their Communist leaders are being attacked for turning the ETU into a copy of a boss-ridden American union, not because they are tough fighters for the interests of their members. The Communists, for their part, will be unwise to wield their power too ruthlessly: they should recall what has happened in the US, and realise that if they make the ETU into a CP racket they will not only damage this one union. There are already signs, both in parliament and the press, that 'boss-rule' can provide the Tories with an excuse for legislation which would gravely damage the trade union movement.

'I will do such things—what they are yet I know not—but they shall be the terrors of the earth.'
—King Lear, Act II, Scene IV

The Cipher in the White House

President Eisenhower's third serious illness in two years has raised once again the question of his physical fitness for office. But it seems that he intends to continue as president, though he is able to devote less time and energy to his duties, though decisions are postponed and authority delegated, and though he can no longer offer clear leadership either to the US or to the western alliance. For these reasons, the way in which the government of the US is carried on is a matter of great concern to all of us. Whatever misgivings there may be about the vice-president, as the New York Post *put it, 'the issue is whether the US is to have Richard Nixon as president, or no president'.*

Even before this latest illness, however, Mr Eisenhower's political inexperience and his failing health had led to big changes in the presidency. The result of his stroke will be to give much greater power to the public relations men and the managers of the palace guard who first promoted a non-political soldier as a political symbol and since have guided his policies and actions as president. This process began as a temporary arrangement when the President could not cope with the demands that his office makes. But his own belief in 'limited government', and the growing power of the non-responsible caucus on which he is dependent, have combined to create a new framework for the presidency which may become a permanent feature of American politics. The President is becoming the Chief Co-ordinator instead of the Chief Executive.

We therefore publish this exceptionally important study of Mr Eisenhower and the men around him. It is written by Professor Marian D. Irish, of Florida State University, the retiring president of the Southern Political Science Association. Dr Irish is a specialist in political administration, and consultant to the Florida legislature. She is also on the council of the National Civil Service League. Dr Irish analyses the new kind of presidency.

On 24 September, President Eisenhower made a nationwide radio-television talk to explain his drastic action in the school integration crisis at Little Rock, Arkansas. Though the President pointed out that he was speaking from 'the house of Jackson, Lincoln and Wilson', no one reading the news accounts of the second fortnight in September could suppose that Eisenhower himself played a significant role in this historic policy-making. The decision to put the Arkansas National Guard under federal command and to send federal troops to Little Rock was a White House decision. The President was on vacation in Newport, Rhode Island.

The 'cease and desist' order to the mob in Little Rock was read by James Hagerty, the President's press secretary, to the reporters in Newport on the evening of 23 September. It is unlikely that the President had any part in the writing of the order which appeared above his initials: it was probably drafted for him while he was on his way from Washington to Newport earlier in the day. That morning he had been in Washington on other business, but even while tension turned to violence in Little Rock, the President had flown back to Newport. So eager was he to get back on the golf links that he went directly from helicopter to limousine to yacht without bothering to stop at the 'summer White House'. While he was busy changing into his golf togs on the yacht, Attorney General Brownell was trying to reach him by long-distance telephone from Washington. What was said when the connection was finally made we do not know, but the President did not reach the golf course that afternoon. Meanwhile, in Washington, Army Secretary Wilber Brucker and the Attorney General were in close consultation.

On 24 September, shortly after noon, the President signed the executive order directing the Secretary of Defence to call the Arkansas National Guard into active service and to employ federal troops to execute the federal court orders in Little Rock. Late that afternoon the President flew back to Washington to read his speech to the nation 'from the house of Jackson, Lincoln, and Wilson'. The next morning he resumed his vacation. On 26 September, he was again on the golf links. At Sea Island, Georgia, the southern governors in conference anxiously explored the possibilities of meeting the President in person and explaining to him the grave problems that beset every southern state because of what was happening in Little Rock. On 27 September, still in Newport, the President played 18 holes of golf, and Mr Hagerty told the reporters at the summer White House that Mr Eisenhower had not yet decided whether he would attend baseball's World Series.

The President's absenteeism did not go unnoticed. Many newspapers and columnists were frankly critical. Stewart Alsop's remarks were typical: 'The President cannot do the job that must be done, sporadically, or between golf games. He cannot do it by issuing occasional statements through press secretaries, or staging occasional meetings with southerners. He can only do it by devoting all his time, all his energy, and all his heart and soul to healing the wrenching, tearing disunity which threatens the country.'

The President, however, has been so long presented as the symbol of national unity, above partisanship or even politics, that his personal participation in the big decisions of his own administration was no longer in character. At no time has he indicated his own views about the Supreme Court's decision invalidating segregration in the schools. In his address to the nation on 24 September he declared: 'Our personal opinions about the decision have no bearing on the matter of enforcement'. Similarly, in response to a question from Senator Stennis of Mississippi, the President replied that the Senator 'may be labouring under a misimpression as to the relation of the President and the executive branch' to the Little Rock crisis. As the President explained it, the troops were in Little Rock 'not to enforce or advance any government policy respecting integration, desegregation, or segregation' but to uphold a federal court order after 'normal processes' failed. This was simply evading the issue and – so far as domestic tranquillity is concerned – the most important issue since this administration took office. The federal troops in Little Rock *were* enforcing integration.

Life magazine of 7 October gave special prominence in its pictorial section to 'a stern President's inescapable action', but its editorial page in the same issue took the President sharply to task 'not for exceeding his authority but rather, that in using it, he left room for doubt as to whether he himself believes in the law that he is enforcing'. Yet the President has had little or no opportunity to present his personal views to the public. John Steelman, assistant to the President in the Truman administration, tells us that, because the President is particularly vulnerable to public opinion, he should be kept aloof from the issues that confound his administration. It is the function of the White House staff, under the cloak of anonymity, to make 'management decisions' that will not detract from the President's personal popularity. How rarely the President participates in the writing of state papers is illustrated by *Newsweek*'s straight reporting of 'the declaration of common purpose' that was released at the conclusion of the recent Eisenhower-Macmillan meeting: 'To dramatise the importance of the conference, Mr Eisenhower himself drafted several passages of the communiqués'.

Since Mr Eisenhower has called to mind 'the house of Jackson, Lincoln, and Wilson', it is necessary to point out that his role in the White House is very different from that of his great predecessors. Falling back, a long way back, on the notion of the separation of powers, Mr Eisenhower believes that the President is obliged only to enforce, not to make, the laws of the land. By this narrow interpretation of his presidential duty, he has attempted to avoid the hard political choices and to disassociate his own views from currently unpopular policies. Whereas Jackson, Lincoln, and Wilson each achieved greatness in office by assuming strong political leadership, Eisenhower has courted personal popularity by staying as much as possible out of the political arena.

Had President Eisenhower been more experienced in politics or more sure of himself in civil administration he might have insisted from the outset on the power as well as the perquisites of his high office. Thus, he might have escaped – or rather the whole country might have escaped – the crisis of Little Rock. After the Supreme Court's decision, the President might have taken the initiative in various ways to avoid the use of force. He might have conferred with both white and coloured leaders in the South, and tried to work out with them a regional design providing for gradual and reasonable compliance. He might have met with congressional leaders and recommended legislation to them which would have clarified the relation of the judge-made law to the general law of the land. He might even have used his personal influence with some frequent guests at the White House – men whose important industrial and commercial interests in the South are now jeopardised by racial problems. He might have done these things, if he had been a master politician. But the Citizens for Eisenhower deliberately promoted their candidate for the presidency on the grounds that he was not a politician at all.

In the second half of the 20th century, two professional fields – public relations and administration-management – have combined to establish a new order of government called 'social engineering'. The public relations people have managed to change the character of the president from that of a vigorous political leader to that of a rather vacuous popular idol. At the same time the administrative managers have replaced the Chief

Executive by the Organisation Man: the men who surround the President are highly efficient executives expressly trained to operate modern big government, and President Eisenhower has seemed satisfied to let these Organisation Men 'advise' him what to say and what to do.

The Hollow Man

The American President has thus become a synthetic personality built up largely by professional public relations to please the national electorate. Both parties in 1952 eagerly sought Dwight Eisenhower as their candidate – but not because of his political views. These views were then, and are still, unknown to the general public. That General Eisenhower had never been sufficiently interested in politics even to vote in presidential elections was immaterial: the important consideration was his tremendous popularity. Millions of voters already 'liked Ike'. And for the very reason that he was a hollow figure – politically speaking – he was a natural candidate for stuffing by the public relations men.

Stanley Kelly, Jr, in his recent study, *Public Relations and Political Power*, describes how Citizens for Eisenhower capitalised upon their candidate's non-political background by presenting his pre-convention campaign plan as a fight against such 'organisation politicians as Senator Taft and Governor Dewey'. After Mr Eisenhower's nomination at Chicago, the Republican Party immediately hired the top talent of Madison Avenue, the highest paid propaganda specialists, commercial advertisers, and public relations managers to help put 'Ike' in the White House. In all the ballyhoo that followed, the public had little chance of getting to know the real Ike.

Political salesmanship in the supermarket of mass communications is expensive. The Democrats, with much less money to spend, were unable to match the Madison Avenue methods of their political competitors either in 1952 or 1956. Not only was the Democratic candidate – a relatively unknown egghead – less marketable; he was also less manageable because he frequently insisted on voicing his own political opinions. On the other hand, Vernon Duff, the president of Batten, Barton, Durstin, and Osborne, could sum up the Republican campaign plan as simply 'merchandising Eisenhower's frankness, honesty and integrity, his sincere and wholesome approach'.

The business-like campaign plan, which so successfully sold Ike to the American electorate in 1952, seems to have included a tying agreement. It is remarkable how many of those who rode the campaign train with Mr Eisenhower in 1952 managed also to reach key positions on the White House staff. Sherman Adams, who managed the pre-Chicago campaign for Mr Eisenhower, was his floor manager at the Republican National Convention and chief of staff on the campaign train, became the assistant to the President. Major General Wilton Persons, charged with ensuring that Ike met the right people as he travelled in the 1952 campaign, was named deputy assistant to the President, a position in which he still supervises most of the President's personal contacts. James Hagerty, press secretary on the campaign train, was made 'spokesman' and 'frontman' for the White House. Robert Cutler, special assistant to the President – the President's *alter ego* in national security affairs – raised the funds for Ike's campaign in Massachusetts in 1952. Kevin McCann, who wrote the 1952 campaign biography, *The Man from Abilene*, is still the President's principal ghost-writer. Gabriel Hauge, the research director for Citizens for Eisenhower and later research director on the campaign train, is now chief researcher in economic matters for the White House. Bernard Shanley (who recently resigned) became secretary to the President; Maxwell Rabb was made secretary to the Cabinet; Anne Wheaton is now associate press secretary and the only woman of official rank on the White House staff; Frederic Morrow is administrative officer for special projects and the only Negro member of the White House staff – all these and others who rode the campaign train in 1952 subsequently moved into managerial positions in the White House. Rewards to campaign workers are, of course, a regular party practice. But the Citizens for Eisenhower had avowed their opposition to professional politics.

Fitting into the picture of a President above politics is the frequency with which White House appointments have gone to communications and public relations specialists whose profession is to equate the public policy and the public interest. James Hagerty was formerly a newspaper reporter and, more recently, press secretary for Governor Dewey. Emmet Hughes, on leave from *Life* magazine, as administrative assistant in the White House for some time produced the President's best prose. Gabriel Hauge, usually referred to as 'the President's personal economist', took leave from *Business Week* to think up the General's 'whistle-stop' impromptus in 1952; in 1948 he had been a ghost-writer for the Dewey campaign. Anne Wheaton had been assistant director of publicity for the Republican National Committee and personal press representative for 'Mamie' in the 1952 campaign. C. D. Jackson took leave from *Fortune* magazine to become a special assistant in the initial phase of the administration's 'psychological warfare'. Frederic Morrow had previously been on the public relations staff of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Public Relations is Policy

Howard Pyle, who is the deputy assistant to the President for intergovernmental relations – in that capacity he sat in on the President's conference with Governor Faubus in Newport and the southern governors' meeting with the President in Washington – began his career in public relations as an announcer, writer, and programme director; one of his more spectacular achievements was the production of the internationally famous Grand Canyon Sunrise Easter Service. Robert Cutler, who prefers to call himself a Boston 'fiduciary', is especially noted in Boston for his energetic fund-raising activities for such worthy causes as the Community Chest and the Citizens for Eisenhower. He rose to the rank of Brigadier-General in World War II as 'Co-ordinator for Soldier Balloting', a really big job in paperwork management. In his present position he is responsible for the policy agenda, the techniques of decision-making and the staff operations of the National Security Council. It is probably an anti-climax to this long, but still incomplete, list to mention the special assignment of Robert Montgomery – put 'on call' to coach the President for his TV performances.

Public relations has been largely responsible for transmuting the 18th-century theory 'consent of the governed' into the 20th-century practice of 'engineering consent'. The public relations counsellor does not consider himself a mere press agent. He is a 'practising social scientist' whose speciality is 'managing human relations'. Though calling themselves social scientists, most public relations managers have risen from the ranks of journalism. They are more than technicians skilled in securing the maximum impact of the message; their competence goes beyond manipulating the channels and directing the flow of communications. They have gradually moved up the managerial ladder to the apex of economic and political power. Hired to publicise and make politically palatable the decisions of the politicos, the public relations men have begged the privilege of sitting in on policy discussions – that they might better understand the measures which otherwise they had no share in making. Seated at the policy tables, they then pressed for the right to participate in discussions, that they might indicate what policies could best be 'equated with the public interest'. Admitted to policy participation, they are not only seated with top management – they have in fact become top management.

Managing the President

While the public relations people have been building up the personality of the President to make him the symbol of national unity, the administrative managers have been more concerned with improving the machinery of the Executive Office. 'The President needs help' – this is the oft-quoted plea from the *Report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management*, otherwise known as the *Brownlow Report*, of 1937. Finding that the President's 'administrative equipment' was dangerously inadequate to deal with his greatly increased duties, the committee recommended that: (1) the White House staff should be expanded; (2) the managerial agencies of the government should be strengthened and developed as arms of the Chief Executive. At the time of the *Brownlow Report*, however, public, or at least press, reaction was generally unfavourable to any proposals that might augment the power of 'that man in the White House', and the Reorganisation Bill was defeated in the 1938 Congress on the issue of 'Roosevelt's dictatorship'.

In 1939 Congress did establish the Executive Office of the President and authorised the President over a period of two years to submit to Congress his plans for reorganisation. Since 1939 executive and legislative reorganisation has resulted in a substantial overhauling of the entire administrative machinery of the federal government. Today, the major components of the Executive Office of the President are: the Bureau of the Budget; the National Council of Economic Advisers; the National Security Council, including the Central Intelligence Agency and the Operations Co-ordination Board; the Office of Defence Mobilisation; and the White House Office. This small group of offices, sometimes referred to as 'Policy Hill' in Washington, presumably provides the President with all the skills and tools of top-management. At any rate, he now delegates most of his duties and 'routinises' his responsibilities to the supra-departmental staff in this Executive Office. It has grown enormously. The 1958 Budget called for some $17m. just for the salaries and expenses of more than a thousand full time and several thousand more part-time employees of the Executive Office; and its building, which not long ago housed the entire personnel of the State, War, and Navy Departments, is now considered quite inadequate.

The White House Office has reached the apex of managerial control in the Executive Office of President Eisenhower. According to the *United States Government Organisation Manual, 1957-58*, 'this office serves the President in the performance of the many detailed activities incident to his immediate office. The staff of the President facilitates and maintains communications with

Congress, the individual members of Congress, the heads of executive departments and agencies, the press and other information media, and the general public.' This is an indecently modest write-up for the most powerful office in Washington today. The *Manual* for 1951-52 listed 19 positions for Truman's White House staff, while the *Manual* for 1957-58 lists 47 positions in Eisenhower's White House Office (to which we can add one more with the recent appointment of Dr James Killian to counsel the President on co-ordination of the government's programmes in scientific research).

The Military Move In

The members of the White House staff are appointed by the President and serve at his pleasure without senatorial confirmation. They have no statutory assignment except to assist the President in any way that he designates, and the *Brownlow Report* urged that they should be men with 'a passion for anonymity' who 'would have no power to make decisions or issue instructions in their own right'. But in January 1953, the *New York Times* observed with warm approval that President Eisenhower was 'looking for men who could administer, not for a brain trust, not for philosophers'.

In selecting his staff the President first of all recognised his personal obligations to those who had managed to put him in the White House. He also brought with him some of the men who had previously served him in a military capacity. General Persons, who had been his special assistant at the Supreme Allied Headquarters, is now his chief liaison with Congress. Colonel (later Brigadier-General) Paul Carroll, who had been assistant secretary to Eisenhower's general staff in Europe, became the President's special liaison with the Defence Department, and in that position was made privy to the highest forms of policy-making in the Cabinet and National Security Council meetings. When General Carroll died in 1955, he was replaced by Colonel (later Brigadier-General) Andrew Goodpaster, who had also worked for the General at Nato. General Goodpaster, as staff secretary, now directs the flow of correspondence between the White House and other departments of government.

After Mr Eisenhower's election in 1952, but before his inauguration, *US News and World Report* predicted that the General would use the military chain of command technique. 'Eisenhower will confine himself to big policy decisions. When conflicts arise, Eisenhower will have the last word. Fights will be avoided, differences settled in conferences'. The General would plan the major objectives of his administration and organise the work load of his staff. He would consult with his advisers but delegate responsibility for operations. He would emphasise conciliation and cooperation, but keep to himself the power to decide. He would avoid overwork.

At the outset of his first term Mr Eisenhower was definitely the Chief Executive. Presiding regularly over the meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council, meeting frequently with the party and congressional leaders and key men in the various agencies, he really tried, not perfunctorily but energetically, to direct the affairs of the nation. From the beginning, however, he put his faith in the staff system, picking therefore men on whom he could rely personally and to whom he could delegate power officially.

Mr Truman, who was the first President to use the staff system in the White House, met the staff daily, let each and all brief him, and listened to their discussions. But he then went back to his own office to digest their information, to assess their various opinions and to make his own decisions. Mr Eisenhower, however, rarely meets with his staff. Sherman Adams does it for him. The President insists that conflicts be resolved before they reach his desk; he wants only to hear the consensus, not the discussion, of the staff. He will not be bothered with a lot of paper work. He expects communications to him to be in the form of neatly drafted, one-page memos – which is probably one reason why he so often shows little insight in the complex issues of the day. Eisenhower likes best a paper that ends, 'OK, SA'; this he can initial 'DDE'. Such is his confidence in Adams and his staff.

Sherman Adams is the President's personal confidant, as Colonel House was to Wilson and Harry Hopkins to Roosevelt. But because Eisenhower's own role in the presidency is not comparable to that of Wilson or Roosevelt, Adams's position in the White House has no precedent. Adams is more than a trusted personal adviser; more than an efficient chief of staff; he is the President's *alter ego*. When protocol lists were being revised for the visit of Queen Elizabeth, it was noticed that Adams had risen most spectacularly toward the top of the list, outranking the senators, all the representatives except the Speaker, and the governors. Besides directing staff discussions towards agreement for presidential action, Adams sits with the President in Cabinet meetings, in the National Security Council, and in the President's regular meetings with party and congressional leaders. Generally regarded as the most powerful man in Washington, he is accountable to no one but the President, who counts on him.

The Role of Adams

Since Americans 'play the game' in politics, it was 'poor sportsmanship' to make an issue of the President's health in the 1956 elections. Nevertheless, the President's recurrent illnesses have been an important factor in taking the President out of the presidency. The mere fact that the President was absent from Washington from September 1955 to January 1956, and that the presidential machine operated just as smoothly in his absence, made both the President and his staff realise that the Man was not indispensable in the Office. When the President was first stricken in 1955, Adams was summoned at once to set up a temporary 'White House' in Denver and to act from there in the President's name. It is significant that Adams, the assistant to the President – not Richard Nixon, the Vice-President – was given the power of office. Adams had authority to issue presidential instructions, while Nixon stayed in Washington to meet with the Cabinet and the National Security Council. At the time, Nixon cautiously explained to reporters: 'Neither the Security Council nor the Cabinet are decision-making bodies. They provide the President with advice and consultation on the decisions he must make'. Actually Nixon reported to Adams, and it was Adams who made the decisions.

The reorganisation of the presidency was not intended to substitute managerial efficiency for executive leadership. The President needs help at the administrative level so that he can rise to the political responsibilities of his high office. It takes time to think through the great and complex problems of statesmanship. When a President speaks or acts as Chief Executive, what he says and what he does affect the destiny of the nation, may indeed turn about the affairs of the whole world. After 20 years of executive reorganisation, one of the most ironic news notes appeared during the first few days of the President's illness in Denver.

All the high affairs of state were apparently conducted as usual. The Cabinet and the National Security Council met with Nixon presiding. The White House Staff worked under Sherman Adams with scarcely a change in routine. The State Department made crucial East-West contacts. The Bureau of the Budget made decisions on foreign aid. But one thing the President had to do himself, even though he then lay near to death's door. He had to sign two foreign service lists so that 117 career men in the State Department could be assured their pay rises in the ensuing year. Obviously something is drastically awry in this pattern of administrative management which releases the President from the major responsibilities but still holds him to the routine chores of the office.

President in Name

The most serious consequence of the President's absenteeism has been his waning personal participation in practical politics. For example, in the summer of 1957, while professing 'great interest' in the congressional debates, the President persistently refused to assume any party leadership or in any way to intervene in the legislative process. So earnestly does he take the doctrine of separation of powers that apparently he does not think it necessary to keep informed even on broad outlines, much less on the details, of key administrative measures. He seldom reads the newspapers, counting on Hagerty to keep him abreast of the headlines. He relies on General Persons and his special counsel, Gerald Morgan, to keep him abreast of congressional action. How uninformed he can be, however, became plain in the press conferences of this summer. While the press secretary sat anxiously at his side, the President fumbled the civil rights questions to such an extent that the reporters were too embarrassed to press him further:

> Q. Would you be willing to see the civil rights Bill written so that it specifically dealt with the question of right to vote rather than implementing the Supreme Court decision on the integration of the schools?
>
> A. Well, I would not want to answer this in detail because I was reading part of the Bill this morning and I . . . there were certain phrases I didn't completely understand. So before I made any remarks on that, I would want to talk to the Attorney-General and see exactly what they do mean. (4 *July* 1957).
>
> Q. Sir, are you convinced that it would be a wise extension of federal power at this stage to permit the Attorney General to bring suits on his own motion to enforce school segregation in the South?
>
> A. Well, no: I have – as a matter of fact, as you state it that way, in his own motion, without any request from local authorities, I suppose is what you are talking about –
>
> Q. Yes sir, I think that is what the Bill would do. Part Three.
>
> A. Well, in that we will see what they agree on . . . (18 *July* 1957).

This is the same conference in which the President declared that he could not imagine any set of circumstances that would ever induce him to send federal troops into any state to enforce the orders of a federal court. One can imagine the consternation of the President's staff as he delivered these off-the-cuff remarks at a time when his political team was fighting desperately for a strong civil rights Bill in Congress.

Eisenhower's inexperience in civil administration, his long convalescence from two serious illnesses, his growing disinterest in politics and distrust of politicos, his personal predilection for golf in the afternoon, bridge in the evening, and weekends on the farm, and, of course, the political implications of the 22nd Amendment, which prevents a president seeking a third term – all of these have contributed to the changing position of the president in the Eisenhower administration. But these are merely contributory factors which happen to coincide with the trend of the times – the growing control by the Organisation Man. Its features are the spirit of teamsmanship, co-operation and co-ordination; the tendency to avoid standing out or standing up as individuals; the reluctance to assume leadership. The aim of the professional administrative manager is to reach a collective judgment, and thereby 'resolve the areas of potential conflict'. If there are continuing differences of opinion within his staff, Eisenhower's solution is to appoint a presidential 'commission' replete with 'task forces', to 'study the problem and make further recommendations'. There are many examples of this decision-delaying device in Eisenhower's Administration. One may suffice.

Co-ordinating Indecision

In December 1954, Dulles, Humphrey, and Stassen were at odds on Asian policy. Rather than attempt on his own to resolve the differences, Eisenhower set up the Council of Foreign Economic Policy 'to study the whole problem of co-ordinating international and economic activities'. Designating his former Budget Director, Joseph Dodge, as chairman, he also put on the Council the still wrangling Secretaries of State (Dulles) and Treasury (Humphrey) and the Director of Foreign Operations (Stassen); also the Secretary of Agriculture and, *ex officio* from the White House, Robert Cutler and Gabriel Hauge. Dodge was instructed to appoint a 'task force' to 'review' the problems, and to make what 'recommendations' he thought 'necessary to co-ordinate'. At the same time President Eisenhower named Nelson Rockefeller as 'White House administrative assistant on foreign policy', in which position he was to 'review and develop methods and programmes' by which the various departments and agencies of the government might effectively be co-ordinated. He was also to attend meetings of the Cabinet, the National Security Council, the Council on Foreign Economic Policy and the Operations Co-ordinating Board. After serving about a month on this assignment, Rockefeller was succeeded by W. H. Jackson, whose job was then described as 'assisting in the co-ordination and timing of the execution of foreign policies involving more than one department or agency'. If at times foreign policy in Washington has seemed to lack direction, this may surely be attributed in part to management through co-ordination.

The purpose of the pyramidal organisation in public administration is to make clear the lines of authority and thus to give strength and unity to the Chief Executive. Although there have been few open squabbles in the Eisenhower administration, there has been a great deal of confusion behind the scenes. There are innumerable examples of overlapping and duplicating functions, particularly between the White House staff and other agencies in the Executive Office. Gabriel Hauge is described as 'the personal economist' to the President. What is his role *vis-à-vis* Ray Saulnier, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers? And what is the role of Perceival Brundage, the Budget Director, in relation to both Hauge and Saulnier? Co-operation? Co-ordination? The President has an advisory committee on government organisation which reports directly to him. Its job is to 'study overlaps and duplication'. But the Office of Management and Organisation in the Bureau of the Budget is charged with 'organisational studies' and improvement of government-wide management. Moreover, the President's special assistant, Myer Kestenbaum, is supposed to evaluate the Hoover Commission reports and advise upon their ways of carrying them out. Do they all 'co-operate'? Are they 'co-ordinated'? Who is finally responsible?

As head of the state the President is the symbol of national unity; as chief magistrate he is general manager of the federal administration; as political leader he gives policy direction to Congress, his party and the whole people. The public relations people now manage the first function quite effectively; they have built up the President as a popular figurehead. The administrative managers have taken over the second function fairly efficiently; they have put the Organisation Man in the White House. The President himself, however, must perform the third function or it goes by default: Eisenhower has been inclined to let it go. The problem that concerns both political scientists and practical politicians is whether any President in the future can rise to political leadership above the level of 'co-ordination in the executive office'.

Public Relations Hero

The Founding Fathers conceived this nation as a republic. As Alexander Hamilton saw it then, and as we see it now, 'the ingredients which constitute safety in the republican sense are, first, a due dependence on the people; secondly, a due responsibility.' But the Organisation Man who has taken over the presidency contains neither of these ingredients. The popular hero, created by public relations, may be a symbol of national unity, but he is no longer Chief Executive. Like the British monarch, he is head of the state, not head of the government. Relying more and more upon the collective judgment of his staff, the President has virtually ceased to make decisions on his own. The British monarch, representing the continuity of a nation from time immemorial and the unity of a Commonwealth that still spans the world, can be described as a magnificent cipher; but an American president who exerts no authority and feels no personal responsibility in his high office, is close to becoming a plain cipher.

The British have never really been tempted to make one person both head of the state and head of the government. The Prime Minister is the head of the British government; his decisions are open to criticism in parliament and to challenge at the polls; but so long as he is leader of his party and his party is in power he is, in fact, head of the government. Paradoxically, in the American republic the abdication of the President from the role of political leader leaves us with no responsive or responsible head of government. If the President is a cipher, the Vice-President is a cipher minus x; the constitution gives short shrift to the Vice-President, whatever his personal capacity or political ambition. On the other hand, the assistant to the President, who does exercise a great deal of power, is in such an anomalous position that he can hold himself immune from congressional scrutiny and remote from public opinion. His loyalty is to the President. But men with a passion for anonymity do not belong to politics. Democratic government must operate in the glare of publicity. As Woodrow Wilson puts it: 'You can't be crooked in the light.' The people have the right to know who exercises authority, who makes decisions, who gives directives.

Despite the persistent myth, 'that government is best which governs least', American government has grown immensely big. I do not underestimate the magnitude of the President's job as general manager of gigantic governmental programmes. Nor do I belittle his role as chief magistrate over the huge bureaucracy performing all those many tasks that we now expect to be done through public rather than private enterprise. Certainly we recognise that the head of the government must have a great deal of managerial assistance at the top level if he is to direct the public policy and see to it that the laws are faithfully executed.

The Need for Leadership

The political scientist, however, must go beyond public relations and administrative management to the *summum bonum* of government. Responsible statesmanship involves more than personal popularity and operational efficiency; it must reach to political leadership. It is at this apex of politics that the Organisation Man is inadequate. It still takes a reasonable man, even a wise one, to use good judgment in choosing between alternative policies. The Organisation Man, when pressed for collective thought, too often emits a big 'Think'. As William Whyte points out: 'The whole tendency of modern organisation life is to muffle the importance of individual leadership.' The Organisation Man has remarkable *esprit de corps*; he can secure order through co-operation, co-ordination, and consensus. But the best trained team needs a captain; the most competent staff needs a boss; any group needs a leader. The group can interact, compromise, reach agreement, and maintain the status quo. A leader, however, will capitalise on disagreement, intervene and resolve the issue with decision, give direction, and make progress. What the US now sorely needs is just such vigorous leadership.

By all accounts no single person can act in all the roles we still assign to the presidency. I do not refer merely to the physical burdens of the office, which have been killing to more than one incumbent. I have in mind the awful responsibility which no one man can bear with conscience – the destiny of the nation, even the fate of the free world. Unless, however, we are ready and willing to make some really drastic constitutional changes, we may shortly reach a deadly impasse in American politics. If there is any one conclusion to be drawn from an agonising appraisal of the Eisenhower administration, it is the necessity of providing the presidency with responsible political leadership. How might this be done? I can only ask some unusual but increasingly pertinent questions. Should we, in the US, consider separating the offices of head of state and head of the government? Should we then make the head of the government responsible to Congress, holding office only when his party commands a majority? And, finally, should we devise means of making the Organisation Man around the President individually and collectively responsible to the head of the government and, through him, to Congress?

MARIAN D. IRISH

London Diary

A GROWING protest against world suicide can now be heard even when Mr Dulles is speaking; but it is still unorganised and unformulated. In the United States a group of distinguished public figures – churchmen, scientists, writers and professors – have formed a National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, and are taking full-page advertisements in the *New York Times* which contain a coupon to be signed and sent to the President. The advertisements pay their way by listing contributions from readers. Cannot something of the same sort be done here? Our correspondence columns are opened this week by a letter from the National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapons Tests, which is sponsored by E. M. Forster, Earl Russell, Dr Soper and Barbara Wootton; it is only one of many letters to reach us suggesting organised action. Priestley's magnificent outburst, Russell's appeal to Eisenhower and Krushchev, Professor Kennan's broadcasts, and Mr Macmillan's rubbishy replies to parliamentary protests about the H-bombers now circling overhead – all these have stimulated a protest against the suicidal policy proposed for this month's meeting of Nato. Here is certainly a common platform of protest. But those who have experience of international campaigns will know that they must agree on policy as well as on a protest. As a first stage we must face the disparity of view between the outbursters like Priestley and the strategic doubters like Kennan. Both are essential to an effective movement.

* * *

The Roman Catholic Church as well as the C. of E. and the Nonconformist bodies accept the Wolfenden Committee's recommendations that homosexual acts between consenting adults should cease to be a criminal offence; one might have hoped that the government would have had the courage to remove this absurdity from our legal system. But no. They are afraid, I suppose, of the more ignorant type of Tory voter. (I only hope the Labour Party in its turn proves not to be frightened of the more ignorant type of Labour voter.) So the government only proposes, if the House of Commons agrees, to make life tougher for female prostitutes. That there has not been more opposition to heavier fines and even imprisonment of tarts on the street is, of course, due to the tone of the Wolfenden recommendations, which have nothing in common with the Victorian moral discrimination against the fallen woman. The Wolfenden Committee did not pretend that it could 'stamp out prostitution'; indeed, it frankly said that it knew that its recommendations might lead to an increase in the call-girl system with all its evils, and to solicitation in public-house bars instead of the streets. It addressed itself simply to the nuisance of an excessive number of prostitutes in some areas in the East as well as the West End. Whether such punitive remedies would succeed, or whether they are not worse than the disease, I am not sure. It now seems that prostitutes do, in fact, commonly choose this career; not many of them are driven to it, as is often supposed, by economic necessity. There is apparently a fringe who take to soliciting, especially in the parks, on one or two nights a week, as a way of adding to their earnings. Girls of this kind will probably be deterred by the new penalties. Some other young women who drift into this trade may also be deterred. But the injustice implied is the fact that the law against men who

A Real Gift!

FEW people have the knack of giving suitable presents. The rest of us benignly press cigarettes on non-smokers and send sets of table mats to the same people year after year. Children have to be warned early in life against expecting too much from us: it is not the present that counts, they are told, but the kind thought behind it. This is poor comfort in the nursery, and how much kinder the thought if the present had been more acceptable!

NEW STATESMAN readers have a reputation for discrimination, and their friends and relations doubtless expect them to live up to it at present-giving time. What more discriminating choice can there be for a reader than the NEW STATESMAN itself?

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solicit women will still remain a dead letter; and the danger of creating a new criminal class whose only crime is, in fact, promiscuity, will anger many people, particularly the loyal band of feminists who have carried on the fight for equality ever since the suffragette days.

* * *

Mikoyan, they told me in Vienna, where I spent a few days last week, remarked on his recent visit to Austria, that he couldn't imagine why anyone should be a Communist in so agreeable a country. This merely confirmed that he is much the most astute of the Soviet leaders in the sphere of public relations. He may only have been referring to the scenery. But he may also have been expressing the surprise which I also felt that this country, of which we used to say that its situation was 'always desperate but never serious', has now become rather like a piece of Scandinavia. The comparison is not far-fetched. Spiritually completely western, it is immovably neutral because of its geographical position. It is also living in a period of prosperity such as no Austrian has known since 1914. It has very few very rich people and very few unemployed or very poor. It has the insurance and other national services of the welfare state. There is no sharp party confli ; indeed, the Socialists and Catholics have shared in the coalition for the last 12 years. In brief, it has shed all the characteristics which during the last generation we all learned to associate with Austria.

* * *

The origin of Austrian prosperity is UNRRA followed by Marshall Aid, which enabled it to develop its oil industry, now I gather not far behind that of Rumania, and, more important, its steel production, which has risen from 300,000 tons before the war to 2,100,000 tons now. Electricity has now spread to the villages, and many peasants co-operate in the use of tractors. Vienna is no longer a red city in a black sea. Many peasants vote for the Social Democrats, and the old Austrian Marxism, which inspired Otto Bauer and organised the workers of the Karlmarxhof to resist the Fascists in 1934, seems to have largely disappeared. (The present generation of British trade unionists is probably unaware that in those days the British trade union movement, led by Walter Citrine, and aided by Hugh Gaitskell, smuggled out arms to help the Viennese workers.) Today the leaders of the Social Democrats and trade unions were pragmatic, untheoretical Labour men like their counterparts in Britain. There is only a four per cent. Communist vote, and Communism, though vocal in some of the unions, is unimportant because the experience of Russian occupation has profoundly and permanently affected the minds of the workers as well as of the middle class. This was a traumatic experience. So many unhappy women were treated for rape in Austrian hospitals that a high proportion of Austrian people have relatives who were directly involved. If you ask whether the other occupying troops were much better, the reply you get is that the Russians were dirty, tattered men, wild after their terrible campaign, and with nothing to give in exchange. The Americans, armed with chocolates, cigarettes and silk stockings, could substitute seduction for compulsion. The Russian officers imposed the strictest discipline after the first orgy, but a memory of horror remains.

* * *

All this explains the publication while I was in Vienna of a new draft Social Democratic programme, prepared by a few leaders to be discussed by branch meetings throughout the country, very much on the lines, say, of *Industry and Society* in this country. That is to say, it is an ideological discussion as well as a party programme. It seeks to end the long quarrel between Socialism and the Church. Socialism, it argues, demands a social order based on liberty and equality, but this is also explicit in Christianity. Why then continue the old enmity between Catholicism and Socialism? Talks with Socialists and Catholics produced a mixed bag of reasons for ending the feud. First, the Socialists despair of getting the extra three per cent. they need for a majority if they are always opposed by the priests. On the other side, the Church in Austria might make substantial gains in its education programme, for instance, if the Social Democrats were ready for closer agreement. There are other more important reasons. There is need of a new Concordat with the Vatican; the present one dates from the Dollfuss dictatorship. Common experience in concentration camps and in building a welfare state have softened ancient animosities. If the Church is no longer inevitably an ally of conservatism, why, ask the Social Democrats, should religion be the basis of party division? If priests may be neutral, Catholics, not merely nominal Catholics, can be Socialists.

* * *

I liked meeting Congo, the chimpanzee genius, at the Café Royal last Tuesday. He seemed an affectionate fellow, though less clinging than Percy the python, whose acquaintance I was particularly glad to make. I have always enjoyed handling tame snakes; years ago I used to visit the Zoo every Sunday morning to play with them. Most people expect them to be slimy. Their skins actually feel like warm, dry silk. This first lunch of the *Daily Mirror's* National Pet Club was in every way an extraordinary occasion. I never thought to see ponies and a goat, rabbits, guinea pigs, birds of all kinds, cats and dogs of all shapes, lunching in the Café Royal, and although I have heard Cabinet ministers standing up to a noisy audience before, I never knew one so successfully out-class a giant St Bernard and several cagefuls of parrots as Mr Ernest Marples. I made one positive gain. We were all presented with Club tie-pins, which means that in future I shall use it instead of the paper clip with which I have always kept my tie in place since I was an undergraduate. The *Daily Mirror* is certainly a place for ideas, and I shall carry away most vividly the question which Hugh Cudlipp threw at me: 'What the hell has this to do with selling newspapers?' In view of the figures produced by the recent PEP report on the pet-keeping habits of the British public, I thought I knew the answer to that one.

CRITIC

Worried about Xmas cards? THIS ENGLAND (2s. 6d. only) is the ideal solution. Nicolas Bentley drew the pictures for the new collection containing the 425 funniest items 1953-57. It is published by the New Statesman from Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Your newsagent and bookseller have copies.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr David Dickson, of Thornwood Road, Glasgow, has gone so far as to write to the Queen singing the praises of his wife's mother. What's more, he's had a reply from Buckingham Palace signed by a Lady-in-Waiting which said: 'The Queen was very interested to hear about your mother-in-law, who must be a wonderful old lady.'—*Glasgow Bulletin.* (J. Montagu.)

My son, aged 22, will be commencing his National Service in the near future, and he is in a quandary in regard to inoculations, etc. He realises that they are not compulsory, but he fears that a refusal might prejudice his chances of obtaining a commission, on which he has set his heart. If he decides to submit to the first inoculations, can you suggest any measures which would minimise their effects?—Letter in *Health for All.* (G. S. Burton.)

One of his greatest interests was the otter hound pack of which he was Master for so many years. I remember so well the pride he felt when the hounds, at the sound of a horn, leapt forward to the fence bordering the road and greeted the Queen with their music. To him it seemed to be the climax of an association with his beloved hounds. 'They seemed to know her,' he said.—*Westmorland Gazette.* (Gerald Mann.)

To try to cut down the number of litter louts this summer Southend used a £150 fund to give 10s. prizes to holidaymakers using litter bins. The number of tidy people—19.—*News Chronicle.* (H. Bondy.)

Good News

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
When you are all abed;
The friendly little 'Hydrogen'
Is cruising overhead.
It's there to kill the Russians when
The rest of us are dead—
O, tidings of comfort and joy!

The Wise Men of the Occident,
With Sputniks for a star,
Their Precious Gifts in panic spent—
They have not travelled far;
And in this strange predicament
They don't know where they are—
O, tidings of comfort and joy!

The sight of their incompetence
King Herod much enjoyed;
He said, when told that for Defence
These antics were employed:
'They talk of babes and Innocence,
But what of Selwyn Lloyd?
O, tidings of comfort and joy!'

The story of the New Noël
Is in a secret file:
No shepherds ever watched so well
Their large Atomic Pile
And Magi show the way to Hell
By way of Christmas Isle—
O, tidings of comfort and joy!

The shadow of the pendulum
Moves at an even pace
For them as sell the Vacu-um
And them that's selling Space—
We'll all be blown to Kingdom Come
To save Macmillan's face—
O, tidings of comfort and joy!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The National Film Theatre

Associated-Rediffusion has, in just over two years, produced the greatest number of independent television broadcasts of distinction in the service of the public.

As a tribute to this achievement the National Film Theatre is devoting a week to outstanding film features made by Associated-Rediffusion under the title of CAPTIVE CINEMA. This programme will be held in the new premises of the Theatre at Waterloo, London from December 11th to 17th.

Says Mr. Derek Prouse of the National Film Theatre: "*The regular work done by the group* (the Features Section of Associated-Rediffusion) *may prove the most lively stimulus to British documentary since the war. Our aim is to make this astonishing development more widely known*".

Audiences at the National Film Theatre will see a representative selection from such regular features as "This Week","Look in on London" and "Members' Mail".

salutes achievement by...

In addition to 194 feature programmes like these and 130 educational transmissions for schools, Associated-Rediffusion has also produced 133 full length plays. (Remember 'Act of Madness' . . . 'The Giaconda Smile' . . . 'Dead on Nine' . . . 'The Young and the Guilty' . . . 'The Roof Garden'?)

Associated-Rediffusion is the only independent television company with a permanent, fully-staffed Features Section—sending teams, for example, across the U.S.A., Soviet Russia and Southern Asia, to quicken contact between the peoples of the world.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

serving the public with distinction

Fighting for Feudalism

By a National Serviceman

'Oh dear,' said the Commanding Officer 'how ghastly.' It was a photograph of himself at the annual Sergeants' Mess ball, wearing a paper hat and looking slightly the worse for wear. Not even the local paper's tactful caption ('The CO seen enjoying a joke with the RSM's wife'), nor the reassuring murmurs of 'Most charming, Sir, very delightful', from the officers gathered genially around during the morning tea break, seemed to bring him any comfort. Somehow – and highly unfortunately – the side had been let down.

After all, the position is really quite clear. A pamphlet, entitled *Customs Of The Army*, handed to all newly commissioned officers as they march out from their various academies, lays down as a rule of life that 'Sergeants must not be allowed to become familiar'; and it also utters a word of warning in due season about exactly such functions as this. 'At Sergeants' Mess dances officers must avoid spending their whole time at the bar, and must realise that the habit of drinking too much is not clever, nor is it amusing. It is sometimes supposed to be "the thing" to give officers too much to drink when they visit the Sergeants' Mess. This is entirely wrong and it is up to the officer himself to see that it is not allowed to happen.' Hence the horror produced by the photograph – and hence also the isolated little scarlet groups that stood round the floor grasping slightly distastefully their fruit juices and talking only to themselves. In the Town Hall just a week ago the Two Nations met and gazed at each other across the frontier; but no one crossed over – and not even the Quartermasters were repatriated.

The reason why was very frankly and fairly explained a short while ago in a newspaper article by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. 'As the Oxford Dictionary states,' he wrote, 'an officer is a person holding authority. In his battalion, ship or squadron he is an individual holding power over others. To exert this power he must possess certain qualities: intelligence, courage, fairness and upright bearing all command respect, but besides these attributes there must be something unknown, something unexpected in his nature. The Latin tag *Omne ignoto pro terrifice* – it is the unknown that inspires fear – gives the clue to one of the most powerful attributes of authority.' And in saying that the Air Chief Marshal was merely laying bare (perhaps indiscreetly) the *mystique* upon which the whole officer-man relationship is based. It is because of this classic segregation doctrine, to which almost all regular officers still seem to cling with the tenacity of the doomed, that young national service subalterns are warned at the very outset that they must never in any circumstances travel in the same railway carriage as other ranks, that 'however charming they may be you must make no attempt to get to know your men or their families socially by visiting their houses or other form of social liaison', and that 'you must take your drinks only in the lounge of a reputable hotel – you may achieve cheap popularity by drinking with your men but you will lose respect; let the troops enjoy their liquor in their own company'.

It used, of course, to be said that all this could be justified by reference to that rigorous system of personal espionage that is quaintly termed 'service discipline'. But the cry has begun to sound a little hollow: it is quite simply fantastic that, in an army that is meant to be defending democracy, soldiers should know their officers only as men who award them punishment. And the contradiction that there is between what we believe about our army and what is practised within it was perhaps finally revealed at the time of Suez last autumn, when Lieutenant General Sir Horatius Murray (the GOC-in-C Scottish Command) inquired in a speech at a regimental dinner 'What the hell has it all got to do with the private soldier anyway?' To those beyond the guard-room gates such a remark may well have come as a shock – it in fact got into *This England*; but to those within the barrack walls, and in particular those confined within the ante-room of a regimental mess, it was all just part of the normal day's conversation. In what the BBC chose recently to call 'Your Army – Now', it is still possible for a young platoon commander to talk of the men in his platoon as 'my bloody peasants'; it is still the practice after a football match for officers and men in the teams to eat at opposite ends of the same table; and it is still, not surprisingly, universal for an officer to be booed from the moment he enters the ring in a unit boxing competition.

The truth is that since 1945 a determined and almost desperate effort has been made to restore to the British army the values that served it fairly adequately before 1914. Training company commanders have for 12 years staunchly believed that the really important thing is to persuade an intake of national servicemen that theirs is the finest regiment in the grandest army in the world; if only, they have been convinced, the young soldier could be induced to accept that, there need be no worries about *morale* or recruiting, and the thin red line would stretch on for ever. This confidence has not, however, taken the trick; and so now all the ideological fire has been redirected to pay and conditions.

But it is very doubtful whether this is the whole answer either; and the War Office publicity department is probably much nearer the mark with its constantly reiterated claim of 'You're Somebody in the Regular Army Today'. The only trouble is that, as a statement, this is at the moment blatantly and demonstrably untrue. Nowhere in the British Isles do the twin concepts of status and esteem count for less than they do in army barrack rooms – or indeed in the compounds that are called service married-quarters, and within which every wife wears her husband's badge of rank. In military eyes self-respect only has importance in so far as it is a motive for a 'smart turn-out'. And the astonishing thing is that no one in a high military place seems to think it possible that this might have something to do with the by now monotonously miserable monthly recruiting figures. If you are fighting in the last ditch for feudalism it really does not make an awful lot of difference whether you offer £10 a week and a bed-side lamp or not: the complaint 'They treat you like dirt' is quite enough to drive every other consideration from the field.

As long ago as 1869 a professional soldier showed that he understood this. In *The Soldier's Pocket Book*, Lord Wolseley wrote: 'Let us give up the phrase officer and gentleman; let the word officer be used a little as possible so that the private may feel that there is no gulf between him and his commander, but that they are merely separated by a ladder the rungs of which all can equally aspire to mount'. And almost a century later some regiments are still operating a public-school-test act; a necessary qualification for holding the Queen's commission still remains in some cases the possession of the money to pay for the privilege; and high-ranking officers will still insist at length on the impossibility of drawing officers from the same class ('I know him, Johnnie, his father keeps a grocer's shop in our street') as their men. It would be laughable if it were not tragic; for more because of this feudal atmospheric throw-back than anything else the British army on a voluntary basis now faces a future of being a kind of hereditary Swiss Guard – ornate and decorative, but impotent and futile.

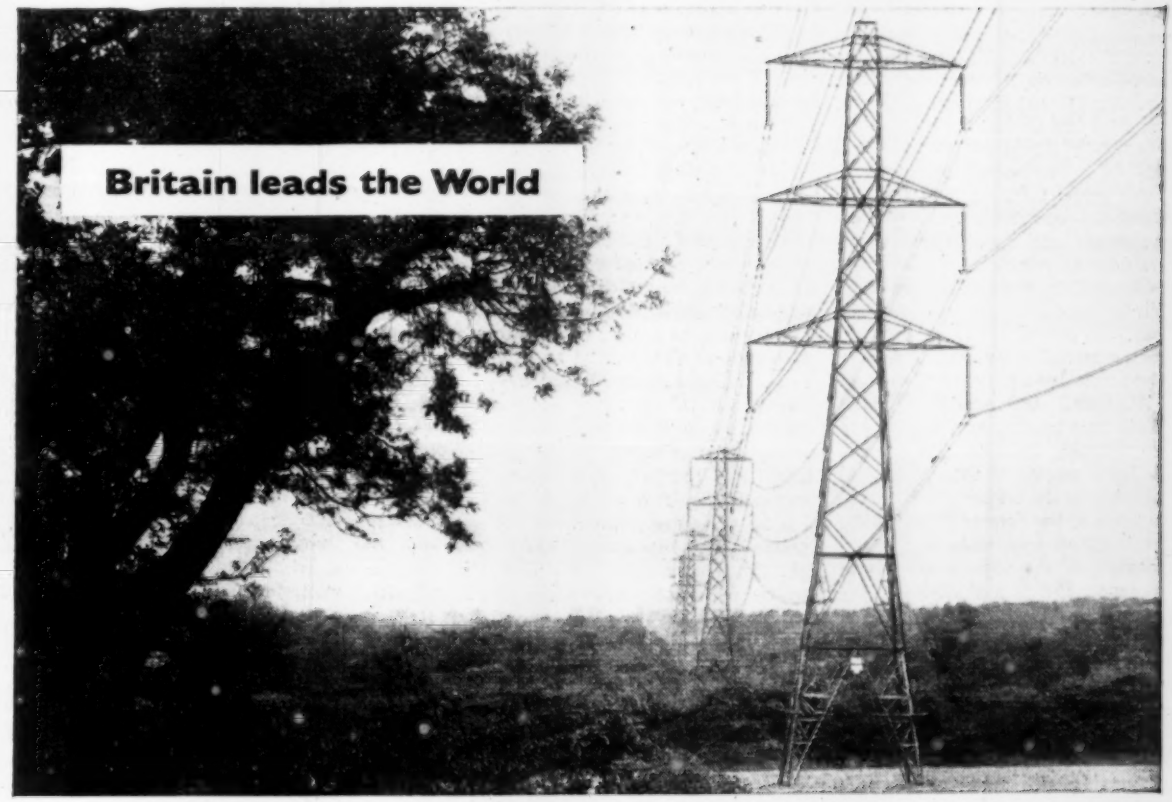
Ifni and Algeria

If Algeria is France, how much the more is Ifni Spain? For Ifni is charged with vague, ancient memories of Spanish imperial greatness. Its origins are peculiar. A Spanish settlement seems to have existed somewhere on this southern Barbary coast between 1476 and 1524, by the name of Santa Cruz di Mar Pequeña. In the succeeding three centuries the site of Santa Cruz di Mar Pequeña was lost, but not the recollection; and when, in the days of Morocco's weakness, a treaty of peace was made in 1860 between Sidi Mohammed, Sultan of Morocco, and Queen Isabella of Spain, the Sultan was obliged to admit Spain's historic right to full sovereignty over SC di MP. But as neither the Queen, nor the Sultan, nor their advisers, nor anyone else, knew where SC di MP was actually situated, there the matter rested—a subject for academic discussion, until the final stages of the scramble for Africa.

It was not until the Madrid Convention of 1912, which defined the French and Spanish zones within the Protectorate of Morocco—Spain getting much the worst of the bargain—that it was agreed that the term 'SC di MP' should, in future, be understood to mean the lonely wave-swept tomb of the marabout, Sidi Ifni, and the surrounding strip of bare mountains, 40 miles long by 15 miles deep. This was, of course, a purely logical definition: it is highly improbable that the ancient SC di MP was situated anywhere near the tomb of Sidi Ifni. Moreover, it took Spain another 22 years to occupy this small unproductive piece of Morocco, with its population of 40 to 50 thousand—half of whom are usually away working in northern Morocco, while half make a hard living from rain cultivation and a few cattle, camels, sheep, goats and bees.

When I visited Ifni 18 months ago, there was a curious situation of parallel powers. On the one hand there was the Spanish military administration—a large number of more or less unemployed officers and their families, drinking excellent sherry in the club—who were still in nominal control. On the other hand there was Istiqlal, the dominant political party in Morocco, with a particularly efficient and powerful organisation in the south, which enjoyed real authority. Istiqlal's local leaders – intelligent, middle-class radicals for the most part—had only recently been released from gaol in Villa Cisneros; and had established themselves comfortably in a two-storey building in Sidi Ifni, with the flag of Morocco outside, and the usual idealised portraits of the Sultan and Allal-el-Fassi inside—the headquarters of a network of branches throughout the territory. It was to Istiqlal, rather than to the Spanish administration, that Ifnians naturally went with their problems and disputes. And while I was there a delegation of leading citizens was away in Rabat, to proclaim their loyalty to the Sultan, and demand the reincorporation of Ifni in Morocco.

At the time all this was tolerated by the



Why not put the Power Lines Underground?

As part of the programme to provide Britain with power for prosperity, enough nuclear power stations will be built to provide 5 to 6 million kilowatts of power. Work was started in January, 1957, on the construction of the first two nuclear stations for the Central Electricity Authority and on the third in September last.

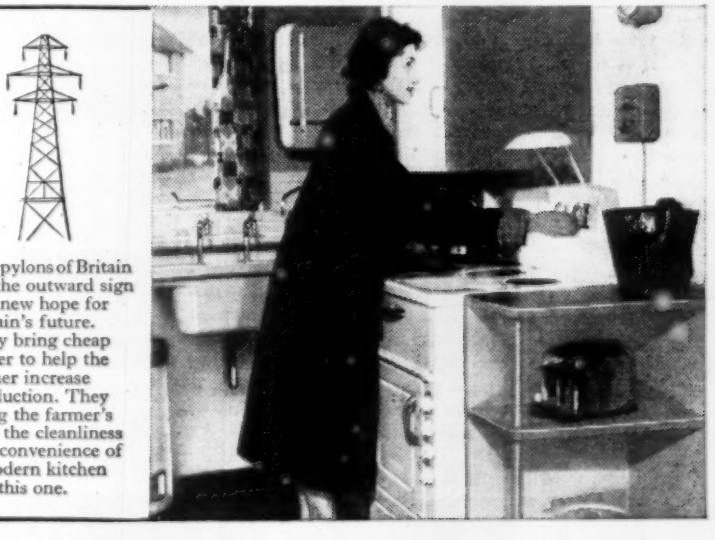
The search is going on for other nuclear power station sites on the coast and large river estuaries.

To carry power to the industrial areas, to the towns and country, main transmission lines must be built to connect the power stations to supply points feeding the distribution networks. These are the 132,000 volt Grid and 275,000 volt Supergrid lines. They are as necessary as the power stations.

Why, it is sometimes asked, must these main transmission lines be placed above ground, to the possible detriment of the landscape? Why cannot underground cables be used? It is because of the prohibitive cost. Overhead lines operating at 275,000 volts cost about £25,000 a mile. Underground cables for this voltage would cost between £300,000/£400,000 a mile — twelve to sixteen times as much.

Overhead lines are not, of course, peculiar to Great Britain. They are common in all countries of the world for carrying electricity cheaply from the power stations to the industries and communities that need it.

If Britain's prosperity power is to fulfil its purpose, it must be cheap power, and it cannot be cheap without economical transmission and distribution by overhead lines.



The pylons of Britain are the outward sign of a new hope for Britain's future. They bring cheap power to help the farmer increase production. They bring the farmer's wife the cleanliness and convenience of a modern kitchen like this one.

This series of advertisements is being published by the Central Electricity Authority so that everyone will understand the nation's electric power programme and why it is necessary to have not only electric power stations but also pylons to carry the power where it is needed.

Spanish authorities, who seemed above all anxious to stress their good relations with Istiqlal. Istiqlal, it is true, had its reservations about the extent to which these relations could be relied upon. But at least the party secretary was on good enough terms with the Spanish commandant of police to be able to breeze into his office, without knocking at the door, and talk to him with complete familiarity. Obviously this unstable form of diarchy could not continue for long. I—wrongly as it has turned out—judged that the Spaniards would sooner or later accept the inevitable, and pull out of an area which is economically valueless and totally Moroccan; which has a director of merchant marine, but no port, and fishing rights, but no fish. Some of the more intelligent Spaniards seemed to think so too. What has gone wrong? No doubt Istiqlal, and the closely associated Moroccan Army of Liberation in the south, have got tired of waiting for Spanish withdrawal and tended to take matters into their own hands. And during the past year the Spanish attitude has clearly hardened, with fresh arrests of Istiqlal leaders in Ifni, and stalling over the transfer to Morocco of the southern zone of the former Protectorate.

But these developments have to be understood in the larger context of the struggle for North African independence. Ifni is a sideshow to the main theatre of war in Algeria. The Moroccan Army of Liberation (estimated last spring to be about 5,000 strong) has been able, by its attacks in the western Sahara, to give indirect help to the Algerian Army of Liberation, whose main bases are in the mountains of northern Algeria. Somehow the French appear to have succeeded in selling the Spaniards (in spite of Franco's Arabophile postures) the idea that, if this pipe-dream of European control of the Sahara and its mineral resources can be realised, they too will be able to enjoy some of the proceeds; on the other hand, if the North African liberation movements are successful, Spain will eventually find herself obliged to pull out, not only of Ifni, but also of Shinqit—which includes Spanish Rio de Oro as well as French Mauretania. But how foolish of the Spaniards to let themselves be pulled into this abyss. For the more the West (and Spain must, for this purpose, be regarded as belonging to 'the West') attempts to close its ranks in a last effort to preserve imperial dominance in Moslem Africa, the greater the likelihood that the rank-and-file and middle leadership of Istiqlal in Morocco and Neo-Destour in Tunisia—and of the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africain* in *Afrique Noire* for that matter—will oblige their genuinely moderate and peaceable leaders and governments to make common cause with FLN in Algeria and throw the European invaders out. Ifni, on a more limited scale, is as hopeless a gamble as Suez.

This is an extremely dangerous situation. The main hope in the Maghreb is that Britain and the US may, before it is too late, make it quite clear that they are no longer willing to underwrite the French effort to preserve its ascendancy in North Africa—and the tortures and mass extermination that are its logical accompaniment. This hope was encouraged by the recent British and American decisions to send these small consignments of arms to Tunisia. 'Not'—as a Tunisian diplomat put it—'that the arms themselves make much difference. The Algerian Army of Liberation could have supplied us with as much. But it was the sign of willingness to take independent action that mattered'.

What in practice needs to be done if North Africa is not to become the tomb of France, with the rest of us pulled in after? Clearly some sort of conversations will have to take place between Morocco, Tunisia, and France, with FLN directly or indirectly participating. How much truth is there in the common view that FLN 'intransigence' is a major obstacle in the way of opening such conversations? I have been talking with some of the members of the FLN delegation to the Assembly of the United Nations—two of them, MM. Mohammed Yazid and Abdelhamid Mehri, members of the FLN's central executive, the National Council of the Algerian Revolution—and I doubt whether this is really the case. Though it is true that FLN has so far insisted on French recognition of the principle of Algerian independence as a precondition for discussions, this seems to be rather a sign of realism, and a mistrust of face-saving formulae, than of actual intransigence. It is after all inconceivable that the population of this ravaged and suffering country would willingly accept the continuance of French political and military power, however it might be dressed up. And the qualification 'in principle' (as Mr Aneurin Bevan, I think, pointed out in an article this summer) leaves plenty of room for negotiation about ways and means and timing.

It is, of course, argued that FLN has shown intransigence in its demand to be regarded as the sole organisation that represents the Algerian people (European minority apart). While nobody can pretend to know all the truth about the present internal Algerian situation, the evidence seems to me to suggest pretty clearly that FLN is in fact the only organisation which has been able to survive three years of military despotism and enjoys popular confidence *inside Algeria*; and that its supposed rival, MNA, while it no doubt still has a following in France, exists in Algeria only as a subsidiary of the French administration. The recent carefully staged surrender of Bellounis, with his troops (said to have been imported from France by air for the purpose) seems to fit with this general pattern. The refusal to negotiate with the popular leadership on the ground that there is some other rival leadership (and to take pains to nurse this other leadership to prove your point) is a familiar colonial technique.

Finally, is FLN intransigent in its attitude to the European minority? While the fate of the million or so Europeans in Algeria is of the first importance, most of the assumptions in which this particular argument in favour of fighting rather than talking is based seem to me absurd. It is absurd to say that the minority might take up arms on its own behalf: if the Algerian revolution cannot be defeated by the flower of the French army, it cannot be defeated by the *colons*—and they know it. It is absurd to suppose that the minority are going to be exterminated or expelled: the Algerian Army of Liberation and FLN possess between them an organisation and discipline designed (in their own interests) to preserve the minority. I simply do not believe that a leadership as much exposed to French culture and ideas as FLN would, after liberation, discriminate against the French. The boot is rather on the other foot: more of the European minority are probably 'pro-Algerian' than the administration (which has gaoled and tortured a number of them) cares to admit. One FLN leader with whom I recently talked estimated that—given a genuinely free vote on the issue 'French power versus Algerian independence' some 30 per cent of the European population would now vote for independence.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Fleet Street

SINCE I discussed in this column some weeks ago the question of the extent to which advertisers and advertising agents do and do not at times seek to bring pressure to bear on newspapers, I have been told of two instances of the sort of boycott of a would-be advertiser which the Royal Commission on the Press roundly condemned. They raise serious issues. The first concerns an advertisement by the National Society of Non-Smokers—an organisation established just over 30 years ago with a distinguished list of patrons. It is not an organisation with which I myself have any natural affinity. But there can be no doubt whatever that it is a reputable body which ought to be allowed exactly the same facilities as others to advertise its activities. Indeed it can claim that in doing so now it is carrying out official government policy in warning the public of the danger involved in cigarette smoking. A short time ago, as part of this campaign, it organised a meeting in Cardiff to be addressed by Dr Donald Ball, chest physician at Llandough Hospital, Penarth. A few days before the meeting the hon. secretary of the society, the Rev. H. V. Little, went to the office of Kemsley Newspapers and booked space for an announcement in the *South Wales Echo*, which is one of the Kemsley group. This announcement read: 'The Cigarette—a killer. Hear the evidence by Dr Donald Ball'—and the time and place of the meeting. The following day Mr Little was telephoned and informed that it could not be allowed to appear. The reason given him, he declares, was that 'the tobacco manufacturers would object'. The classified advertisement manager of the Kemsley Press, to whom I have since spoken, denies that these words were used. He does not, however, deny that the advertisement was rejected in the form in which it was offered. His explanation is that it was 'a knocking advertisement', and that the group does not accept advertisements which 'knock' other advertisers.

This is a pretty general policy among newspapers. But can it be stretched to cover an announcement of a public meeting on a matter of great public importance, and when the words used are, in fact, no more than a restatement of the conclusions officially reached after a careful scientific investigation? I am bound to say that I find it difficult to see any justification for this ban. Nor does it seem to me to be any excuse to argue, as Kemsley newspapers do, that they would have published an announcement of the meeting if it had been redrafted so as not to 'knock' anyone. The title of the address could hardly be popular with those whose business it is to make and sell cigarettes. But if the announcement of any meeting which is liable to be regarded by any powerful group as contrary to its interests and likely to 'knock' its activities is to be banned, then it seems to me that an important department of the freedom of the press really is in considerable danger.

The second case raises issues no less serious. It concerns the advertising experience of a gramophone record club, Classics Club, owned by a firm which presses records and offers them to members of the club at substantially lower prices than those charged for records made by the big record companies and sold through the

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trade – in much the same way as the various book clubs offer cheap editions. The advertisements of this club have appeared in a number of leading periodicals including the *Listener* and this journal. But they have so far been rejected by the principal record and kindred journals which serve the specialist readership the club most wants to approach.

Among those rejecting it are the *Gramophone* and *Opera*. In each case, Classics Club alleges, refusal was due to pressure on behalf of big gramophone companies, who, of course, do not wish competitors to sell below their price. This the *Gramophone* denies. The explanation given to me by its advertisement manager makes it quite clear, however, that a ban exists. He admits that the advertisements have been refused and that advertisements from other record clubs, of which there are several, will similarly be rejected. He argues that this is legitimate because, in addition to its newsagent sale, the *Gramophone* is sold through record dealers and ought not, therefore, in its board's view, to accept advertisements of records which cannot be bought through normal trade channels. Even if this is the sole explanation it seems to me unsatisfactory. In the case of *Opera*, however, the case is much clearer. Here there is no doubt whatever that pressure of the strongest kind was brought on this small paper to compel it to reject these advertisements. The board of *Opera* itself is extremely anxious about the situation. When I telephoned about the information sent to me by the Classics Club, Mr Rosenthal, the editor, informed me that he and his fellow directors had just been discussing the matter and had been considering whether they themselves should approach me. The situation as he described it is as follows. The Classics Club advertisement was originally accepted, but the manager of the firm of advertising contractors which acts for *Opera* suggested that one or two references in it might create difficulty. He proposed that he should clear the matter with the large advertising agents which place EMI and Decca advertising. This advertising is naturally very important to *Opera*. After doing so he reported back, to quote Mr Rosenthal, 'that, while recognising the right of *Opera* to take any advertisement it chooses, the agents told him that if it accepted the Classic Club advertisements he could scarcely expect to get any more EMI and Decca advertising.' In view of the importance of this advertising to the paper, *Opera*, stated Mr Rosenthal, felt it had no option but to agree. But he and his directors were extremely indignant.

I agree with Mr Rosenthal that such pressures are intolerable. Both in this case and that of the National Society of Non-Smokers it seems to me that the clearest possible case exists for an investigation by the Press Council. I hope it will be made.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Remote Area

OUR normal custom in Argyll is to hold the Housing and Water Committee meetings on the same day as the County Council, which almost always overlaps into a second day. The first part of the Housing Committee covers the report of the sub-committee and that of the county architect, and the questions are usually on the lines of 'Why is the site clearance not through?' 'Why has there been no progress?' 'Why is the Department holding us up?' In this county our relations with the Department of Health are as close as those between naughty child and stern parent. We get the Remote Area grant on all our houses, which means that we need not build for 'slum clearance' only, but for general purposes, including overcrowding and the housing of key people. But we still have a great many unfit and condemned houses in the county.

The Remote Area grant means that the houses cost the county nothing, if the rent is paid; but equally it means that every plan must be submitted to the Department, which has a habit of sending them back in order that economies can be inserted or a cheaper site looked for, and this in spite of the occasional circular encouraging the use of local material—which is apt to be more expensive. We do, however, use the beautiful West Highland slates and are now trying to use the under-sized ones, in spite of some jibbing from contractors. I myself am in the happy position of having had a visit from the county architect who has agreed to investigate the possibilities of building in a piece of waste land, once a beautiful wood, but clear-felled during the war and then allowed to go back to rhododendron scrub and brambles.

It is, equally, the Department of Health which does or doesn't authorise water and drainage schemes for grant; and we, like other Highland counties, have been having drainage schemes refused, for the time being at any rate, although water schemes in the same places have been allowed. We thus run into acute drainage problems. And now the County Clerk gets up with a paper in his hand: 'This septic tank will probably be remembered by the committee; it has come up several times'. Back again to Tayvallich!

One of our problems is a curious one. There is a small, remote, crofting township without a road, the little, tumbledown houses backing onto a cliff which keeps off most of the sunlight. They have asked for a road. But a road would cost many thousand pounds. Might it not be better to re-house the crofters in decent new houses which young people might be willing to live in? This would probably be cheaper. However, there are two snags, one being the absence of any possible site in that boggy, rocky land and the other being the unwillingness of the crofters to move. Yet, if we spend a lot of money on a road, isn't it likely that the whole place may be deserted in another generation? We feel we would like guidance here from the Crofting Commission.

We pass on to the Water Committee: to discussions of whether water caretakers should be on the telephone, and to complex matters of water supplies which are not quite big enough for everyone, and where someone has a stop-cock and someone else an immemorial right. On the whole, we have plenty of water, though it isn't always in convenient places. Some counties very sensibly employ water diviners, though I doubt if this is officially recognised. It was a county official of another Highland county who first taught me to use a divining rod.

At the end of Water I dash off to the Oban office for a cattle moving permit. Others perhaps take a quick look in at the sale ring, for this is also the week of the Oban cattle sales. Then we have a cup of tea and start off again as the whole council in Finance Committee. Here, politics suddenly rears its ugly head, although party nomenclature is carefully avoided. Naturally, it is all about White Paper 208 on local government finance. The effect of a block grant is not as clear here as it is in a richer county. Those for and those against make heated speeches. I bob up once but there are plenty of speakers without me. Nor am I ever sure what effect I am going to have. We end by remitting the whole thing.

Soon we stop; we all have another date in the evening, a dinner to our retiring medical officer. All of us go; speeches are made, healths drunk, and in Auld Lang Syne we grasp the hands of trusty feres with whom we have been quarrelling passionately, whom we distrust profoundly, and with whom, God willing, we shall soon quarrel again. The rest of the County Council business goes through during the next morning. We vote on a motion that the meetings of the Roads Committee should, like Education, be open to the press. I thought it would go through, but a very witty speech on the other side turned the day and it was defeated. Yet, perhaps, even if the press were allowed in, they mightn't come. Perhaps we are not important enough. Or perhaps we really are rather important but, on the current scale of values, the press, bless its heart, wouldn't think we were.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Redemption

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S play *Requiem for a Nun* is one of those plays that is much talked about but seldom seen. It has been running for over a year in Paris, where, of course, 'black theatre' is very much the vogue, and is freely talked of as a masterpiece. Now we are given the chance of judging it and estimating it in an authoritative production at the Royal Court. Faulkner is said to have given this play to the American actress Miss Ruth Ford, who takes the leading part for us here, so that we must suppose that her performance fairly represents the author's intentions. It is given an admirable production (by Tony Richardson), and the English Stage Company are developing an extremely effective idiosyncratic style of decor. Here the roof-high slatted doors (by Motley) which comprise the set match the grandeur and simplicity of the playwright's intentions.

For *Requiem for a Nun* aims, at least, at the largeness of outline and majesty of treatment of Greek Tragedy. The events happen off-stage; most of them – a long chain of complicated plot – have indeed already happened, and have landed the young wife, Temple Drake, in her tragic predicament. Her child has been murdered by a Negress – a whore and a dope fiend – whom Temple took into her house as nurse. The Negress has been condemned to death and is to die the next day. But why should this society girl have introduced a whore and a dope fiend into her household? And her flip explanation that it was an act of charity doesn't wash; she wouldn't, then, surely, have put such a one in charge of her children?

The play consists in the slow unravelling of the story behind this; it is dragged out of Temple Drake piece by piece by the Negress's lawyer. And somehow by the telling of it and by the simple belief of the Negress whom she visits in the condemned cell Temple Drake is redeemed. This, anyhow, is what I take to be the theme, though I can't, on one hearing, be quite certain. Concepts like redemption are, I must confess, above my moral station; and I keep finding myself asking questions which don't, I suppose, really apply to such exalted states.

Thus, Temple Drake never seemed to me to be established as the kind of character capable of being redeemed, at least by a mere confession in front of a husband who was anyhow an only half-reformed drunk. What we learn of Temple Drake is that she was a college girl involved in a motor accident with a college boy (her present husband). Somehow she got taken to a brothel (instead of the hospital?) where she was forced to dress up in furs and perform with a down-town tough for the pleasure of an impotent little half-caste *voyeur*. But the horror wasn't that; it was that she liked it. She wasn't in fact 'forced'; she could easily have got away. But she enjoyed the brothel, and fell in love with the tough. And when he was killed, she came out, married the college boy and took one of the black whores from the brothel into her household in order to recreate the atmosphere at home; and then she took as her new lover the tough's tough young brother. And she is on the point of eloping with him when the Negress intervenes, pleading for the two young children in the nursery. What sort of future will there be for them? And when Temple vehemently replies that she doesn't care, the Negress stifles one of them; which brings Temple up to her crisis.

All this Temple confesses at the prompting of the black whore's lawyer, and by a trick she is made to recite her confession in her husband's presence. Then she visits the Negress in the condemned cell and finds her meeting her fate with that calm and simple trust in the Lord which characterises Faulkner's Negroes. And this blind and absolute belief coming on top of the confession effects the redemption of Temple Blake.

Not to be convinced by any of this for one moment is, I realise, strictly irrelevant. We are in an atmosphere where the convincing does not intrude. As readers of the literature of the Region know, in the Deep South they live in the age before reason. The things that bother us like motive, probability, cause and effect, never enter into their calculations. The extraordinary and bizarre proceedings of their wild erotic lives proliferate in that steamy heat like the vegetation, unreasoned and unreasoning. But I remain baffled. I cannot see from what moral centre these people are supposed to be acting. Temple Drake is certainly not religious, she is not animated by the ordinary human devotion of mother to child. She has no human pity, not even for her old black buddy of the brothel days, nor is she shown at the end to have discovered any of these missing feelings in herself. She is restored to her not very admirable husband. She is less (as it strikes me) redeemed than made respectable, in her marriage and her class. And this, odiously, as we non-Southerners must feel, as the expense of her wretched partner in vice.

A different effect might have been conveyed, perhaps, if the language of the play had done more work – Faulkner's prose, in the theatre, is disappointing. There is, it is true, behind it the weight of a whole life's work, and this does carry. It keeps us at least expecting and looking and waiting for the larger meaning behind the events. But it doesn't, to my mind, reveal it. Then, Miss Ruth Ford has a personality as hard as steel; we can believe well enough in her sordid past, but she doesn't make it easy for us to follow her through the change of heart. The other parts are unrewarding. Miss Bertice Reading gave great dignity to the Negress's simple faith; and Zachary Scott managed the most ungrateful role of the pumping lawyer with great tact and sincerity.

Another play that has been much talked of but not yet seen here is Ugo Betti's *Crime on Goat Island*, and Mr Frank Hauser has dared what it is safe to say no London manager would have had the courage to do – he has disregarded its spectacular flop in New York (it ran there for two nights) and presents it at the Oxford Playhouse with an excellent cast. It was well worth doing; and it is very well done. Mr Keith Michell emerges from his grounding in Shakespeare triumphantly in a part that gives him great scope as a sort of Playboy of the Greek islands who foists himself on three lonely women in a remote farmhouse and charms himself into all of their favours. But his retribution at the hands of the oldest (excellently acted by Catherine Lacey) is grim. I must postpone until next week a fuller notice of this most interesting play.

Finally, for the adventurous, there are still two public performances of Theatre-in-the-Round at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square. Mr Stephen Joseph has made a success with this form of staging in Scarborough, especially, where he presents a mixed bag of new and established plays and draws an audience with both. London has proved less responsive and this is further confirmation of a trend which many people are noting – much greater adventurousness in provincial audiences than in London ones. (Witness, too, Sam Wanamaker's successful launching of a Theatre centre in Liverpool and Mr Hauser's success at Oxford.) The current play at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall has been specially written for Theatre-in-the-Round and consists of four Ionescoish episodes by David Campion. The first two have something of the genuine spine-chilling quality of their exemplar, and Mr Campion is clearly a writer to watch.

T. C. WORSLEY

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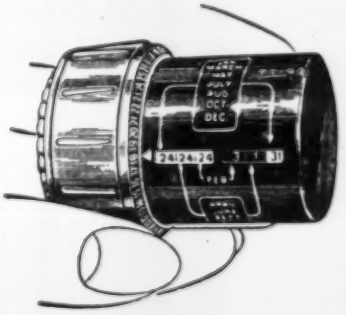

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The Quiet Americans

CRITICS of other arts rarely have much occasion to mention the Pentecostal Holiness Churches, but in the world of jazz it has long been known that nothing is better for a good swinging rhythm than the blood of the Lamb. Two widely different examples of the musical effects of sanctification are at the moment before an enthusiastic British public.

Sister Rosetta Tharpe, a charming, extrovert, unspiritual-looking lady with a russet-dyed fringe and a steel-bodied guitar, sings gospel songs in a white dress and gold bodice, greatly helped by the reliable traditionalist jazz of Chris Barber, who had no difficulty in packing the Chiswick Empire with working-class youngsters against the competition of Count Basie's farewell concert. Whether any of her British audience will find religion through Sister Tharpe is uncertain, for her singing seemed to lack the powerful and joyous passion which impresses even unbelievers in her best records (the duets with Marie Knight *Up above my head, I hear music in the air, Beams of Heaven*, Brunswick 04554, 04632), let alone the ecstasy of the great Mahalia Jackson. Still, she has a splendid voice, an unerring sense of swing and blues intonation, and more religion in two notes than in the whole of the musical tripe with which Billy Graham fed his British congregations. An authentic artist with much success among the Southern Negro public, she can be heard at the London Coliseum on the 15th, or on her latest LP, *Gospel Train* (Mercury MPL 6529).

Nothing is further from the unselfconscious gospel meeting than the Modern Jazz Quartet, whose success in packing the large Festival Hall twice in one day must make all other chamber-music ensembles feel thoughtful. But at least one of its members, Mr Milton Jackson (vibraharp) was nurtured among the Holiness people, and freely acknowledges the influence of gospel music. (He is heard to advantage on the 12-inch *Jacksonville*, London LTZ-C 15091.) It was the trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, one of the Quartet's heroes, who once explained Mr Jackson's sense of rhythm – and perhaps also his welcome, if half-hidden, *joie-de-vivre* – in the phrase: 'Why man, he's sanctified'. Fortunately the Quartet does not deny – though it transforms – the two things without which no good jazz is made for any length of time, the blues (secular or religious), and a swinging rhythm. If the rest are tempted to forget them, Mr Jackson is not.

The MJQ provides an evening of unalloyed and intelligent pleasure, but it puts the critic in a quandary. Its achievements are remarkable, quite apart from its success in making a very unusual type of public listen in thousands, in hushed silence, to 'canon, invention, fugato, fugue and chorale variation', to quotations from J. S. Bach or Morley, or to pieces 'inspired by the Renaissance Commedia dell'Arte', all played with a restraint which at times reduces the Quartet to a musical whisper. John Lewis (piano, leader and composer), Percy Heath (bass), Connie Kay (drums) and the unbearded but bespectacled Jackson are masters of their instruments, and their ensemble playing is a marvel. Mr Lewis, who aims to make his melodious compositions and arrangements 'economical and transparent' (to use his terms), succeeds, and his or the Quartet's gift of painting orchestral colours with a deliberately restricted instrumental palette is masterly. And they never stop playing jazz. And yet – admirable though Mr Lewis's courage is in challenging Bach on his own ground, is it wise? Devotedly as the Quartet pursues its ideal of classicism and restraint, is it not losing more on the jazz side than it gains on the classical? Is the stiff upper lip the most fruitful expression for the jazz musician?

These questions are academic, for there are overwhelming social, if not musical reasons why the Quartet play as they do. These gifted Coloured musicians belong to a generation which passionately rejects the old, full-blooded, spontaneous jazz, for the same reasons as Shaw's Larry Doyle rejected conventional Irish ebullience: because it reminds them of oppression, illiteracy, of Negroes clowning to wheedle crumbs from the whites. They know as well as the Zionists, who rejected Yiddish, that there is more in the old styles than this; but like the Zionists they must first prove to themselves and to the world that they are not dependent for their achievements on these things. It is natural for men who feel like this to abandon the warm, shouting, vocalising instruments which are one of the glories of jazz – the 'horns' – for impersonal ones ('because we want to prove that jazz needn't be noisy'), or for Mr Kaye to ration his use of drum-sticks. It is natural for them to take pride in the intellectualism and structural complexity of their music, and, in their public and private behaviour, to maintain an impassive reserve which would do credit to the late Phileas Fogg ('because jazz needn't be vulgar and exhibitionist'). And it is not only natural, but also necessary, for more white jazz-lovers than care to admit it accept the William Faulkner view that Negroes are not people like anybody else, but a sort of divine innocent, whose contribution to the world lies in their simplicity.

It is not for us, therefore, to argue with the MJQ. This is their way, and even if it turns out not to be the main highway of jazz, its achievements are still considerable, and its attempt to build a classical architecture on the foundation of blues rhythm and feeling is of extreme interest. Mr John Lewis, its leader, may well be to modern jazz what Duke Ellington is to the older style, its finest musical brain. Most of the group's repertoire is on record, mainly on Esquire, and there is a new 12-inch (with Jimmy Giuffre) on London LTZ-K15085. There will be recitals at the Dominion on the 8th and 15th.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Innocent Sensualist

IT is rather remarkable to find a willingness not to displease (it is surely no more than that, surely not an anxiety to please) in a painter so obviously Camberwell-trained as Anthony Fry, whose second one-man exhibition is now at the Leicester Galleries. Earnest and austere, Camberwell is traditionally the most Cistercian of our art schools: the Euston Road masters, who, with Coldstream at their head, migrated there and founded the Order, were rococo decorators by comparison with their Camberwell disciples. Fry, although, as I say, visibly a product of the School, is about as close in mood and feeling to typical Camberwell painting as Puccini is to plainsong.

The sweetness and sensuousness of Fry's handling of paint and of his vision of the world are not, in fact, superimposed upon the rigid methods and forms of Camberwell. The debt to Camberwell is evident in his tonality, his space, and his composition; his methods and forms are altogether freer. I have the impression that his point of departure may have been the early, pre-Euston-Road work of Coldstream, which is looser and less systematic than his subsequent work.

Fry's *Artist and model* (*No.* 1) and *Nude in interior* in particular are decidedly reminiscent of early Coldstreams in their treatment of space. And Fry's colour generally has a peculiar kind of stark sombreness which one associates with the early Coldstream. This sombreness, joined to the delicately sensuous handling of the paint, give his romantic landscapes a decidedly odd kind of poetry, as if they were a cross between Palmer and Gainsborough.

Gainsborough comes to mind in front of the nudes as well. They have the same Anglo-Saxon prettiness, and their adorable flesh is painted with the same shy Anglo-Saxon caress. Yet not *quite* the same caress: there is none of the Anglo-Saxon inhibition; the caress is nervous but it lingers. In fact, Fry's nudes are some of the most sensual paintings I have ever seen. There are any number of nudes we see and desire; when we look at a nude of Fry's we wonder whether we are already having her. This is more alarming than the similar effect which Pascin has, because Pascin did not paint with a public-school accent. Also Pascin was highly sophisticated: the ingenuousness of Fry's sensuality is the rummest thing of all. It shows clearly in the compositions with dancing figures. These appear from a distance to be rather whimsical and embarrassing art school comps., but get close to them and the force of their sensuality overcomes their absurdity.

Fry is an exceedingly strange painter – like all the best English painters – and he is also a very impressive painter, though I don't yet know whether he is a very good one. I only know that I have seen a number of exhibitions by the present younger generation of English painters which appeared to reflect stronger personalities and greater gifts than Fry's, but never one which had so much *atmosphere*. The atmosphere flows out of the paintings and fills the room almost as it does in Bacon's exhibitions, so that we can scarcely tell where the painter's world ends and ours begins.

Our preconceived ideas about the limitations as painters of painters who also work for the theatre are probably more emphatic than they are just. Certainly, prejudice seems the only possible explanation of the uncharacteristic hastiness with which the Art Critic of *The Times* dismissed Peter Snow's one-man exhibition at the Beaux-Arts as the work of an eclectic simultaneously following at least two different lines of development – a judgment which the look of the exhibition might give rise to, but which is flatly contradicted by the dates in the catalogue. From these it becomes clear that Snow's evolution has had four overlapping phases. He began with a rather stiff style of semi-naif painting. This he developed and enriched under the influence of Matisse, using colour as flat as Matisse's but more 'decadent'. Still composing in much the same way, he then began to employ a more atmospheric handling: it was virtually a shift of allegiance – a logical, not an arbitrary, an eclectic's, shift – from Matisse to Bonnard. Latterly, he has toned down his palette and moved from bright colours to greens and browns.

The exhibition, for all that it has distinction as well as charm, does, I think, cover too long a period of development. The high spot of that development so far seems to me to come in a very beautiful painting of 1956 called *Summer*. It has a kind of poetry that is delicate enough to call the name of David Jones to mind, and yet a breadth and boldness which sustains its large scale. Like all Snow's landscapes, it is decorative and gay, but not artificially so: these qualities serve to heighten, not to blot out, nature.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Paging Mr Priestley

It is one of the safest of generalisations that, as soon as one risks a generalisation, one has to start escaping from it. My passing reference last week to Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* was necessarily written before the actual performance (on the Wednesday night); but I must, again cursorily, add my voice to the universal chorus of praise that has already greeted this triumph of production and acting (by, respectively, Silvio Narizzano and, especially, Albert Dekker, Vera Cook, and George Baker); and must also admit that here was a notable exception to my general charge that television drama is not seriously concerned with contemporary themes. Although a revival, and a revival of a stage play, this was as powerfully relevant a comment on the values current in America (and, thanks partly to TV, increasingly in Britain) as when it was first put on; and so resourceful and uninhibited were Mr Stanley Mann's adaptation and Mr Narizzano's direction that it might have been written specially for television. Like missionaries forgiving a recidivist cannibal chief unto seventy times seven, Mr Sidney Bernstein and his colleagues at Granada have yet again made an honest medium of ITV.

Part of the success of *Death of a Salesman* was undoubtedly due to the fact that it was allowed to run for a full two hours. (Its effect was indeed so strong that the commercials were, paradoxically, less irritating than they usually are in a good play: they seemed to come simply as breathers.) One of the disadvantages of last Sunday night's new play by Mr J. B. Priestley, *The Stone Faces* (specially written for BBC TV), was that it was only an hour long. All too many TV plays, indeed, last only half-an-hour (or, if they are transatlantic film imports which have to allow for possible commercials, twenty-five minutes), so that an hour is perhaps considered 'generous' by the programme planners; but Mr Priestley – like Mr Miller, though the two are very different in style – is a militant thinker and worrier, an awkward, elbowy cuss who needs a whole 'bus-seat to himself, and he rises better to major than to minor opportunities. In this play he did air a contemporary grievance – the intrusion of the gutter press into public people's private lives; but this was only a subordinate theme, a peg to hang the personal story on. Mr Priestley now ought to be asked to write a television play that would run for at least two hours, on some really important theme – say, the argument on the Left about the H-bomb, worked out, of course, in terms of character.

Mr Priestley has always enjoyed a Dickensian fertility in the creation of character. In *The Stone Faces* there were at least four characters whose personalities and faces I can still distinguish clearly, writing two days after seeing it and after six hours' further viewing; which is more than one can say of most TV plays. There was the handsome archæologist (Duncan Lamont); and his tight-lipped, adoring, vindictive assistant (Helen Horton); and the decent boozer (Wilfrid Lawson) who was able to pull himself together almost too collectedly at critical moments. There was also Miss Luise Rainer, for whom the play was, in a sense, a 'vehicle', as the film-star weary of Hollywood's publicity circus and escaping to the desert, to the arms of her archæologist, and to the lowering, impassive menace of a gigantic, primeval stone face (cleverly and convincingly contrived by the designer, Clifford Hatts).

I do not suffer at all from xenophobia and do not want to be unfair to Miss Rainer, whose pixy charm may be many people's cup of tea; but press

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intrusion is as vulgar and almost as chronic in England as in Hollywood, and I wish that Mr Priestley had equipped his morality with a native setting and some such native leading actress as Dame Peggy Ashcroft or Miss Beatrix Lehmann. For those who like it, as I say, Miss Rainer has the Bergneresque appeal of the starved marmoset; but I get tired of those close-ups of the tremulously brave, dissolving face and of the cooingly broken English accent ('my bee-yooteefool dzink'). Those old enough to have read a celebrated *Times* dramatic criticism will know what I mean if I use the one word *weederdee*. Mr Priestley also asked too much of Miss Rainer at one point, requiring her to disguise herself and behave comically as an elderly German bluestocking. Her death (denting the Stone Face in a fast car) was, though sudden, a happy release for all concerned, including the viewers: its manner will have reminded other veterans of *The Green Hat*, though this victim of the *Zeitgeist* did not die for purity but for privacy.

The Stone Faces was followed, soothingly, by the perpetually fascinating *Zoo Quest* of Mr David Attenborough. I am told that some sensitive viewers switched off after *Death of a Salesman*, being overwhelmed by its power and unable to face a discordant anticlimax. If so, they missed the best yet in Mr Daniel Farson's interestingly off-beat little series, *Out of Step*: this one was called *Down With Work*, and it was a raw, yet smoothly assembled, set of interviews with people who are idle on principle or from taste – tramps, scroungers, Espresso-bar layabouts. Mr Farson did well in an earlier series, *Member's Mail*. He was wasted as a checker in some silly quiz. He is developing steadily as an interviewer-reporter – and developing, too, his own quiet, steady style. Too many TV interviewers seem to model themselves on Mr Robin Day, and succeed merely in being brash and cocky. Mr Day is a potent original, but can (like Mr Francis Bacon or Professor Auden in their arts) be a dangerous influence on the young.

TOM DRIBERG

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ODD things come through the post: a blood-spattered paper-knife and a Temple *Macbeth* (this was to inaugurate a gangster film derived therefrom), a ring for one's car keys (*The Gold Cadillac*), a bat from a folder announcing unprecedented horrors. It never, I am sorry to say, amounts to bribery; and least so the most recent, a paper-covered tome inscribed *Moses and Egypt*. This warned us, in only too measured tones, that Mr Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* was approaching the Plaza. Then, in the evening paper ads, the bishops spoke. Finally, there was nothing for it but the film itself, with its first ten minutes devoted to Mr DeMille before curtains, giving a lecture on Moses, God, our sincerity, freedom, dictators, and so on. He paved the way for boredom, and for the first two-and-a-half hours bored we were, as never before.

Where texts are brief, DeMille is long: bathing-cum-bullrushes scene, Moses at court scenes, Moses in love with Pharaoh's daughter and catching the eye of Pharaoh scenes, Israelites slaving with giant stones, Moses found out, chained, and finally chucked out. Thank heaven for that, because so far only the city-building has engendered any thrill commensurable with the means. During the interval we peep at *Moses and Egypt*, and discover there that every possible source has been consulted, from the Good Book to Midrash Haggadah, except that of common sense.

For example, hairdressing. There's a whole section on hair styles, from which we learn that male royalty would affect the head shaved, with a pigtail from the right side; so duly appears young Rameses. But where is the sense in planking an ancient Egyptian oddity on a thoroughly up-to-date Western looking head, from which emerge the accents of Hollywood tinged by mid-Europe – Mr Yul Brynner in fact? I've nothing against Mr Brynner, who seemed to me more forceful, in the face of odds, than others. But how do elaborate research and twentieth-century looks and foolishness (for the script, I'm afraid, is foolish) help illusion? And without illusion, where can a brontosaur epic of Old Egypt land us? Our yawns told us only too plainly.

The second part, with exodus, desert, pursuit by chariots, dividing of waters, and God's voice down a well, and His electric drill inscribing tablets on the mountain, with clouds whirling and the Calf and the Orgy below, certainly achieved more. It wasn't, any of it, great, but it was big. In fact, the whole thing might have gone over big, and we might have enjoyed ourselves in the DeMille way of salvation and sin, if portentousness hadn't been thrust upon us. How exhausted we were, how fretted with persistence and unreality, how undone! I had a feeling that, with all the old men of the cinema dying off, this was the last fling, the final echo from long ago boomed up; that hereafter, films could set themselves to tauten and intensify against the TV intrusion. But then, thought I, he'll do it again; he'll go on doing it, though you and I may not be here to gall him.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—Articles you have recently published by Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley have expressed clearly what many of us have long been thinking. The tragedy is that the power to act with the wisdom and common sense they show, seems to lie exclusively with those who are unable or unwilling to see and learn.

Since it was founded about a year ago, this Council has been stressing the grave danger to Great Britain of the nuclear arms race; we have protested repeatedly against H-bomb tests by our own government and also against those of the Soviet and American governments.

British official policy has apparently been that a stockpile of H-bombs, together with missile bases in England, was enough to prevent their ever being used, by us or against us. If there is still anyone who believes in this 'deterrent' theory, he may be shaken by Mr Dulles' latest pronouncement. In a Chicago speech, Mr Dulles warned that NATO forces would not wait for a declaration of war, and the decision to retaliate would be made by the field commander on the spot.

The prime minister owes it to the country to state precisely if he accepts that a decision to 'retaliate' with nuclear weapons can be taken alone by a commander on the spot. The stock answer, that our government is not responsible for speeches by Mr Dulles, is not good enough when the safety of much of the world is at stake.

Mr Dulles' statement will, however, have been of value if it helps to awaken the world to the vital need to stop testing nuclear weapons, to stop manufacturing them and to get rid of the world's stock of them, as a preliminary to full disarmament.

ARTHUR N. GOSS
Chairman

National Council for Abolition of
Nuclear Weapon Tests
29 Great James Street, WC1

SIR,—Mr Green gives an effective answer to Miss Jackson and Mr Hyams who complain that they are politically helpless. Sir Winston Churchill once remarked that 'if enough electors want something strongly enough there will always be found political gentlemen who will give it to them.' Supposing for example Miss Jackson had to choose between two party candidates for parliament and an independent, and the former were orthodox nuclear warfare merchants whilst the latter stood on the platform of abandoning nuclear energy for military purposes, would he get her vote? If at a by-election a candidate were returned who made this issue his main plank, the results would be far-reaching.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

162 Buckingham Palace Road
SW1

SIR,—I find Priestley's declaration entirely admirable and hope that it will have a significant effect on British actions. There is not much one can add to the declaration but I should like to present an American's interest in this matter.

While it is probable that—as your editorial points out—Britain will be able to directly affect American policy more readily inside NATO than outside, I do not think the gain is all that important. Perhaps Dulles might be kept from putting his foot in his mouth as frequently as now, or the US might be prevented from stirring up imagined invasions of Turkey by Syria. But these are relatively insignificant matters. Perhaps we would have a suaver diplomacy but the basic irrationalities of international behaviour would be essentially as threatening as ever. It seems to me that only a radical, *humane* action such as Priestley suggests can readily influence the US towards saner behaviour. If the US were to follow this lead of Britain—a more probable event than under

present circumstances—the world would then be on its way to ensuring survival of our species.

LESTER GOLDSTEIN

2226 Channing Way
Berkeley, California

SIR,—Mr Hyams says there is nothing we can do about the H-bomb. Of course he is right if we continue to protest merely as individuals; no government will pay any attention to lone voices, however distinguished, raised against nuclear weapons.

What we can do is to organise a body of opinion which will force the government to pay attention. And who better to do this than the distinguished men who oppose the insane nuclear-deterrent policy? We invite Mr Priestley, Earl Russell, Cmdr King-Hall, Mr Hyams, Father Huddleston, and the others, to form an organisation whose principal object is for Britain to abandon the H-bomb. They will need money to finance and organise the movement, but we do not think that out of their desire for the survival of mankind they will hesitate to give what they can. Each member enrolled could pay a subscription.

We believe that this is the only way to deal with the problem. The opinion of a large body of men and women cannot be ignored by any government. It may or may not succeed, but it is surely better for us to make the effort than to 'fall back into a shoulder-shrugging mood'.

How many are there who think like us? We, the undersigned, should like to be the first members of the organisation headed by the distinguished men whose views we share.

J. G. JAMES.
E. C. MIDDLEDITCH
HENRY T. F. RHODES

28 Birdhurst Rise
South Croydon

SIR,—It is sad to see Bertrand Russell's growing tendency to treat an obvious error as if it were a platitudinous truth. In his 'Open Letter to Eisenhower and Krushchev' he writes:

> The supreme concern of men of all ways of thought at the present time must be to ensure the continued existence of the human race.

Far from being the supreme concern of men of all ways of thought, this can never be the supreme concern of any Christian or, I think, of the followers of most other religions. Nor, I think, is it likely to be the supreme concern of an intelligent agnostic. Bertrand Russell would himself, I am certain, prefer death to many forms of degradation. Why on earth should he assume that cessation is the worst thing that could happen to the human race?

Of course, I would not deny the difficulties and dangers that confront us; but we shall not bring a solution nearer if we base our policy on error.

CONESFORD

House of Lords

LEGAL BUREAUCRACY

SIR,—After the recent attacks on waste of public money on Legal Aid, it was refreshing to read Mr C. H. Rolph's plea for a state Legal Advice scheme.

The functions of this bureaucracy may be described as administrative-judicial. It supervises the preparation of civil cases for trial, keeps all necessary records, and decides disputes between the parties' solicitors. It is cramped by a rigid formality of procedure where every small step must be made on summons to a Master, every document (in 15th-century language) filed by a solicitor's clerk attending in person, and virtually nothing may be done by post or telephone. Procedure is treated as an end in itself and procedure's aims—speedy, cheap and fair trial—are forgotten. Examples of sheer disgraceful administration abound. Take, for instance, the procedure in the Chancery Division for obtaining an Order.

First, the judge at the close of a hearing makes an order directing what is to be done, and who is to pay costs.

Secondly, in front of the judge sits a registrar whose sole task is to write down what the judge orders (usually about two or three sentences). It is not clear why the judge cannot do this himself.

Thirdly, about five days later one of the solicitors is notified that the draft order is ready. He must then attend with a clerk from the opposing firm of solicitors before the registrar's clerk, to 'approve the draft'. Much time is then spent in arguing about what the judge actually said. The drafts are normally inaccurate and one has to attend before the registrar himself to amend them.

Finally, some days later yet another appointment must be made, to 'approve the engrossment'. Both sides having signed it, the order is stamped, lodged, and is at last enforceable. Each of these stages is a fruitful source of further objections and delays.

Contrast this with the procedure in divorce, where an order is obtained about four days after the hearing, simply by collecting it from the Registry. And even here—why could it not be sent by post?

The bulk of solicitors' costs, which are so high in litigation, is consumed in time spent on procedure. Why are county court costs so much lower? The law involved may be just as complex as in any High Court case, but procedure is simple, logical, and largely postal. A thorough inquiry into the courts by a team of business efficiency experts would save public money directly (by reducing staff) and indirectly (by reducing costs, and hence the price of Legal Aid). At the same time it might end the farce of civil trials heard years after the event.

MIKE ROSE

Bedford Avenue
Barnet

THE ISLE OF RUM

SIR,—The Island of Rum comprises 26,000 acres and has some of the finest scenery in the Hebrides. All farm livestock has been removed from this island, at a moment of national financial crisis, by the Nature Conservancy, which acquired the island last March, in the interests of a stock of red deer and some vaguely described experiments in soil conservation. Bearing in mind that there is no rare animal, plant or bird of which the Isle of Rum is the sole British habitat, that would justify the removal of farm livestock and the closure of the island to the public, we feel justified in asking the Nature Conservancy to answer the following questions:

1. Are their activities on the Isle of Rum a camouflage for a rocket range or some similar form of development?
2. Will they state, as other government departments do in *Whitaker's Almanack*, details of the salaries of their officials?
3. Will they state what members of their own committees are in receipt of research grants from the Conservancy itself, and what members of their committees are interested in societies receiving research grants from the Conservancy?
4. Will the Conservancy state if it proposes to alter the ecology of Rum by the introduction of new species e.g., the pine marten or the wild cat?
5. Will the Conservancy state if it proposes to observe Section 84 of the National Parks Act, under which the Conservancy was set up, which states that 'in the exercise of their functions under the Act, the Nature Conservancy shall have due regards to the needs of agriculture'?
6. Will the Conservancy state what they propose to spend upon research on red deer on Rum, bearing in mind that red deer in the Highlands have already been a subject for exhaustive research by more than one scientist?

Failing satisfactory answers to these questions, we shall feel justified in pressing for the following amendments to the 1949 National Parks Act, under which the Nature Conservancy was founded:

1. That the Conservancy's powers of compulsory purchase of land be restricted to cases where this can be proved necessary for the preservation of rare and interesting species.
2. That the total amount of land the Conservancy may own should be restricted to a definite acreage.
3. That in cases where the Conservancy refuses to let land for agriculture or to stock it themselves, the Department of Agriculture for Scotland shall have the right to enter such land for the purpose of carrying on farming.
4. That members of Committees of the Nature

JUST A THOUGHT

Spare a thought for Christmas, which comes but once a year — the season of goodwill to all, though it may cost you dear. Once more the hordes of relatives will come to stay and stay, and on the stroke of 4 a.m., the children rise to play. Aunt Agnes will not speak to Flo, and George will be a bore, and Uncle Fred will stay in bed upon the kitchen floor. Dear Grandpapa will go too far with Cousin Mary Jane, and Grandma will, as usual, do nothing but complain. Poor Mother will be quite worn out . . . a nephew will be sick . . . the turkey quite recalcitrant, as tough as any brick. Your choice of presents will be wrong, the ones you get—unnerving. But don't despair, eschew dull care, press on with aim unswerving. For Christmas isn't Christmas still if you're not gay and merry. The moral's plain—to feel no pain Drink More Mackenzie's Sherry.

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Conservancy shall not be eligible for research grants for contracts from the Conservancy.

5. That Nature Conservancy in Scotland shall be administered and controlled from within Scotland.

J. L. CAMPBELL OF CANNA
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KASHMIR AMONG THE POWERS

SIR,—In your editorial comments (23 November) you summarised the Kashmir situation and rightly pointed out that 'Kashmir has long been a pawn in the game of power politics' and lent support to Mr Nehru's oft-repeated apprehensions that the plebiscite if conducted 'on a purely communal basis . . . might well lead to Hindu-Moslem rioting all over India and destruction of the secular state . . .'

The proposals for the ultimate partition of the country which you say had been verbally agreed between Mr Nehru and Mr Mohammad Ali in 1953 cannot be put forward once again. For these led to the worsening of the tension, resulting in Mr Graham's reports advocating simultaneous phased withdrawals of military forces on either side of the cease fire line, deteriorating further into India's being branded as the aggressor and Pakistan the aggrieved party before the Security Council in 1956 and 1957—in complete disregard and utter denial of the fact that the legally constituted head of the then Kashmir government had executed a perfectly sound and unconditional deed of accession and that Pakistan had committed aggression, and that the promise to consult the wishes of the people made by Lord Mountbatten and reiterated by Mr Nehru was made to the people of Kashmir and had nothing to do with Pakistan.

Nor can Mr Nehru be blamed for *not having stated* 'quite frankly that his original promise of a plebiscite no longer holds' under the altered conditions of economic development in, and prosperity of, Kashmir, confirmation of integration with India of October 1947 by the democratically elected Kashmir Constituent Assembly in November 1956, and above all the enormous military potential built by Pakistan by obtaining arms from the US and training large numbers of Pakistan-held Kashmiris as officers and commandos in contravention of the August. 1948 UNCIP resolution. For it is not beyond the realm of possibility that as and when Pakistan-held territory is restored to the Jammu and Kashmir state and the seeds of fanaticism, intolerance and hatred sown and nurtured among its people by Pakistan have been uprooted, that a plebiscite on a basis other than communal consideration might be held. Kashmiris have declared often enough that there must be unequivocal and unconditional withdrawal of the invader from their country.

May I mention that Kashmiris have never accepted the 'two-nation' theory of the Muslim League and the National Conferences (representing all sections of the community which even today holds majority seats in the Constituent Assembly) and could not be won over even by Mr Jinnah as early as 1944; and that Kashmir is not a 'Muslim State' in the sense of the 'two-nation' theory, for the Muslim majority in Kashmir never committed atrocities against the Hindu minority and were till quite recently—historically speaking—Hindus, having inherited a common language, culture, traditions and tolerance to the extent of worshipping each other's 'saints'.

L. ZUTSHI
Hon. Secretary

Kashmir Association of Europe
36 Hereford Road, W2

BLAKE THE RADICAL

SIR,—Dr Bronowski's stimulating article, 'Blake the Radical', refreshing as it is, will certainly provoke controversy. On a number of counts I feel bound to disagree with him, while acknowledging the valuable service he has performed in underlining Blake's interest in politics and his Dissenting connections. Blake's viewpoint was wider and more subtle than many of his critics realise. He was, for instance, quite capable of adapting a conventionally pious hymn to make an outright attack on the officialdom of Church and State. So that Professor Pinto's contention about the poem 'London' is not so absurd as it seems. Then again, while Blake certainly moved in the intellectual world of Dissent, it will always be difficult to determine Blake's religious position. He was baptised, married and buried according to the rites of the Church of England, and such services as he describes seem to be Anglican ones. His whole system is founded on an appreciation of paradox that fits in better with Christian mysteries, like the Trinity, than with the Unitarian position. Another group which may have influenced Blake was composed of the Nonjuror's descendants. There people derived from William Law rather than Isaac Watts and held Jacob Boehme's doctrines in veneration.

DÉSIRÉE HIRST

11 Rosscourt Mansions
Buckingham Palace Rd., SW1

PERMEKE'S PAINTING

SIR,—As soon as the word provincial occurs in any piece of contemporary art criticism one usually knows what to expect. Mr David Sylvester was not alone in using the word to describe certain aspects of Permeke's exhibition at the Tate. In the same week, though in a duller and cruder manner, several other critics did the same. A stranger, reading their articles, might easily imagine that they were written from the capital of a great thriving culture—a classical Athens ringed by Florentine suburbs.

I would assume that the divergence that lies between Permeke's landscapes and his magnificent figures is the result of a contemporary dilemma. That of an attempt to re-establish a 'classical' use of figure painting, and in Permeke's own case a deliberate attempt to break free from certain aspects of expressionism. To Mr Sylvester they are as 'dated as gramophone records of the early 1920's'. How time flies.

Permeke is described as simple minded, earnest and charmless, as 'provincial in the worst sense'. I suppose that the poems of Flanders of Verhaeren are equally so. That the late Diego Rivera (whose death, outside the official obituaries, no one bothered about) was also a provincial figure. His drawings are very near to certain Permekes. I had always assumed that being provincial implied aping the culture of large artistic centres. Surely Bond Street is a perfect example of this. The fact that the large public collections are without Permeke's work points to the same level of thinking.

PETER DE FRANCIA

4 Nutley Terrace
NW3

[David Sylvester writes: Of course Mr De Francia is right about the dilemma. Yet Léger resolved it, and, to a lesser degree, Rivera. Permeke failed to do so precisely because of his provincialism. As to our own provincialism, several recent articles of mine have made it clear that I, for one, don't see London as a classical Athens.—ED., *N.S.*]

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

SIR,—In his review of Sir John Kennedy's book, Mr R. H. S. Crossman makes the statement that after the war Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke 'spent some time unsuccessfully editing and rewriting his manuscript. Then the enterprising Messrs Collins intervened with a handsome offer to Lord Alanbrooke if he would put the material into the expert hands of Sir Arthur Bryant'. This is a completely inaccurate account of how *The Turn of the Tide* came to be written. The facts are as set out by Sir Arthur Bryant in its Prelude, to which Mr Crossman himself alluded in his review of *The Turn of the Tide* on its appearance earlier this year—not last year, as he states with similar inaccuracy.

Briefly, the facts are that Lord Alanbrooke wrote his wartime diary without any thought of publication during his lifetime; indeed he refused every invitation to write his memoirs or any account of the higher conduct of the war. A few years ago, however, he was prevailed upon by his Regiment, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, to provide material for a biography of himself to be written after his death by Sir Arthur Bryant. When, in the course of preparing this material, he reached the 1939 war, he started to transcribe the relevant passages from his wartime diary—known until then only by a few extracts on specific matters asked for by official war historians and by Sir Winston Churchill—and to add critical or explanatory notes. This material Sir Arthur examined in the winter of 1954 at the request of the Royal Regiment, and thereafter examined the diary itself. Sir Arthur then felt, and submitted to Lord Alanbrooke, that his account of the higher direction of the war ought to be made available while those qualified to comment on it were still alive, as had been done by other of the principal war leaders in Britain and America.

To this Lord Alanbrooke eventually agreed, largely because the particular part he had played had already received such wide publicity in these versions written by others, and authorised Sir Arthur Bryant to proceed with the book of which the first volume is *The Turn of the Tide*. Only after this decision had been reached did Sir Arthur suggest that I should publish the book. Having been his publisher for many years I naturally agreed. Any financial arrangement made with Sir Arthur and Lord Alanbrooke was subsequent to this agreement, and it is as offensive as it is misleading for Mr Crossman to state that my firm made Lord Alanbrooke 'a handsome offer' to 'put the material into the expert hands of Sir Arthur Bryant'. It is equally false and misleading to say that 'Sir Arthur's task was to counter Sir Winston's highly personal version . . . with another version . . . on behalf of the Chiefs of Staff'. Sir Arthur was given no such task either by Lord Alanbrooke or his publishers. Having refrained from correcting Mr Crossman's inaccuracies in his original review of *The Turn of the Tide*, I feel that I cannot in simple justice allow him to repeat and multiply them in another, and quite irrelevant, connection.

W. A. R. COLLINS
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Men are not equal and nothing points the fact more clearly than the manner of packing Christmas parcels. Those who *can* do this, do it with practised ease; those who cannot, are yearly held up to the ridicule and contempt of their womenfolk (who can seldom do it any better). The linen for Aunt Laura presents no problem, its maker having thoughtfully enclosed it within a neat cardboard case. But what of the thingummybob we bought in a moment of enthusiasm for Uncle Edward? Inevitably, there is nowhere in the house a box into which it will fit. Neither do we possess the materials (or the skill) with which to make one. We should, of course, have thought of this before we bought such things. But we never do. Next year we had better give Midland Bank Gift Cheques* and side-track the whole problem. Or . . . maybe even *this* year (we rather liked the thingummybob ourselves, anyway).

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Christmas Books Supplement—2

GREAT PAN IS DEAD

THESE two noble volumes (one of text, one of notes)* are the first-fruits of Miss Coburn's thirty years of work on her chosen task as editor of Coleridge's notebooks. Some five or six more double volumes are to come; the present pair take us from 1794 to the beginning of 1801, the eve of Coleridge's departure for Malta. The notebooks have for a hundred and twenty years remained in the possession of the Coleridge family. From them Ernest Hartley Coleridge made a first selection, *Anima Poetae* (whose excellence becomes even more apparent after a reading of the body of material from which it is selected). The present custodians have felt that the time has now come when their contents, so long guarded from, and possibly by, the moral disapproval that has clung to Coleridge's reputation, can be made public. Most of the notebooks are now in the British Museum. Their publication justifies the judgment of the poet's nephew and son-in-law, H. N. Coleridge, that his reputation would not suffer, but only be enhanced, by the publication of everything he wrote.

If these notebooks ever did contain the kind of self-confession that is too private for publication, deletions and excisions have long since removed it. It is the same Coleridge that we already know from his letters and published works that we find here. There never was a dark Mr Hyde – opium-eater, family-wrecker; Coleridge was no a-moral experimentalist, like De Quincey, nor dabbler in the corrupt, like Swinburne or Oscar Wilde. He was a good man, in a situation of suffering that broke his health, his heart, and perhaps his genius. Married through a boyish mistake, over-persuaded by that monster of virtue Southey, Coleridge the mature man was unable to escape from his 'coarse domestic life' and to marry the kind and simple woman, Sara Hutchinson, whom he later loved. It is tempting to imagine that the simple expedient of divorce and remarriage might have enabled him to give to the world the works he planned; for his dream was not of pleasure-domes, but of something for poets far harder to attain – simple domestic peace, and life among those friends whose initials he loved to write in his notebooks, or carve on stone among the hills – W. W., D. W., M. H., and S. H. But this century, that would have given Coleridge divorce, might also, one must remember, have forced him on to that new bed of Procrustes, the psychiatrist's sofa; or, if his genius resisted this form of normalisation, on to the operating table of the brain-surgeon. For all those who in Plato's Cave have perceived a vision of the ideal order – the Miltons, Bunyans, Boehmes, Blakes and Shelleys – necessarily must suffer in themselves, and be persecuted by the unseeing world. Better to suffer, as Coleridge did, and keep the vision that makes this world intolerable.

The present volume covers the years of the early friendship with the Wordsworths (scarcely mentioned, except indirectly), the visit to Germany, the first meeting with Asra, the move to Greta Hall, and the interrupted walking-tour in Scotland with William and Dorothy. But Coleridge's diaries, so far from being a confessional, delight us continually by the inexhaustible zest of their objectivity. Literally nothing was uninteresting to Coleridge's minutely particularising observation of nature, man, words, ideas: 'By an accurate computation 90 millions of Mite's eggs made one Pigeon's egg'; or 'the lowest part of the flame of a candle is always blue – when the flame is sufficiently elongated so as to be just ready to smoke, the tip is always red'. Or he reminds himself 'Describe a Tartarean forest all of Upas Trees'; or he notes down jokes – the present volume opens with that old favourite, 'Think of a number: double it', etc. We find metaphysical perceptions – 'all our notions hushed in the phantasms of Place and Time, that still escape the finest sieve and most searching winnow of our Reason and Abstraction' beside some recipe for coffee, or a purge for worms. This is not to say that some entries are trivial and others not; on the contrary, it is the quality of Coleridge's all-embracing imagination to bring all to significance that comes within its ocean.

Of the many themes of this volume, the greatest amount of space is devoted to descriptions of landscape – the German tour, the Lakes, and Scotland. Often Coleridge wishes he were a painter, sometimes he attempts a little pencil sketch, although he was no Hopkins. But his word-pictures are like the sketch-book of some painter – Constable:

> Just over the Bridge (there the Brook flings itself down a small chasm of rock) – a field on the Right Hand and a yew prodigious in size and complexity of numberless branches flings itself on one side entirely over the river, the branches all verging waterwards over the field it spreads 17 strides.

Or Palmer:

> The moon setting over the mountain pale – the sky very dim and marbled or water stained as blue Marine Canopy – and in the blue interspaces the stars all dim and lustreless . . . the water between me and it, and the few House-roofs are bright. The water is the only sound/ the moon is more than half a moon/it sunk to a rude ☾ – then to a crescent, its bow stiffly and imperfect and still keeping this shape, thinned and thinned and thinned, till *once* it became a star, at its vanishing – but immediately after sent up a *throb* of light in its former shape and dimension – and so for several seconds it throbbed and heaved, a soft boiling up or restlessness of a fluid in carrying – and now all is alike thro' the vale, the vast Ellipse of mountain suffused with dim Hoariness . . .

But above all, Turner, for whom everything looks like something else:

> Mist steaming up from the deep chasms or intervals of the mountains, as from a huge Caldron – Waterfall, I gazing long and steadfastly, rolled like the segment of a wheel, the black rock gleaming thro' it – amid the roar of noise as of innumerable Grasshoppers, or manufactory of Spinning wheels. Distance abstracting motion *painted* the Waterfall.

But with his infinite curiosity of mind, Coleridge possessed that gift rare in Western civilisation, a capacity for that stillness of mind whose attainment, in the Far East, is the object of all mental discipline:

> The dignity of passiveness to Worthy Activity when men shall be as proud within themselves of having remained an hour in a state of deep tranquil Emotion . . . .

To Coleridge, as to Wordsworth and Dorothy, natural scenery was the food of his imagination. Dorothy was, perhaps, most at one with the minute inscapes of plant and thicket; whereas from Coleridge's itineraries a general could plan an invasion of the country. But of them all, Coleridge was the most aware that Nature only reflects back, in its images, the ideal forms of the imagination: from 'yonder moon, dim glimmering through the dewy window pane, I seem rather to be seeking, as it were *asking* for, a symbolical language for something within me that already and for ever exists, than observing anything new', or 'a forgotten or hidden truth of my inner nature'. Thus, for Coleridge, every landscape is magical, an evoked *correspondence* of the imaginative world; a haunting, living landscape, a sounding-board giving back the echo of the utterance of the soul. Yet, no less than for Dorothy and William, the images of wild nature seemed to Coleridge the appropriate and inevitable language of the imagination. For a hundred years, the *mana* that these poets found in, or projected upon, the rocks and stones and trees of the Lake District, has seemed to linger there, like the healing power of some holy well once blessed by a saint. Only now we are compelled to realise that the miraculous power has gone. There has come again the old whisper, 'Great Pan is dead', and the oracles of the hills are as dumb as those earlier idols of the world, venerated only in museums. Coleridge's and Wordsworth's Nature is as surely in the museum as any 'Supreme God in the ethnological section'. The late A. P. Rossiter, who repeated Coleridge's climbs and walks – his valuable findings are incorporated by Miss Coburn – has put the labels on the cases, for a posterity who will never again experience the *mana*.

You may draw up your car on the shore of Ullswater nose to nose with a dozen others – or even a little apart; you may perhaps see Campbell's motor-boat tearing up the reflections of the mountain shapes that followed the boy Wordsworth in a very different craft; or – determined to live close to nature – you may

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* *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by KATHLEEN COBURN. *Routledge.* 2 vols., 75s.

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take your caravan into a field. You may buy a cup of tea at Aira Force, and lean over the bridge provided by the National Trust. You may even – it is not difficult – escape into the loneliness of the fells whither the car-owners and charabanc-tours will not follow you, where at most you may meet a gang of underclad, overloaded lads from the Outward Bound School. Only a few passing aeroplanes will visibly and audibly remind you of the year in which you are living; you may even be lucky and see, hovering over Saddleback, a kite or a buzzard that has survived in spite of myxomatosis. You may forget that a Russian satellite is rocketing round the sky; but you will not be seeing, even then, the world that Coleridge and Wordsworth and Dorothy saw. You may as well try to recapture in the stone circle at Keswick the forgotten gods who drew an ancient people to that hub of the dales. The poetry of Auden, written about Threlkeld and the Pennine fells, is the poetry of modern urban man. The images that modern man sees, be they where they will, are de-supernaturalised; by an effort of nostalgia, or of historical shape-shifting, you may try to imagine yourself back into Coleridge's or Wordsworth's world; but even though you should sit on the Seat of Turf itself, what they saw would be as remote from you as that older world of sacred wells and fairy hills, whose fringes the Lake Poets themselves touched, almost unawares, in the Highlands.

Nothing is more obviously wrong than to suppose that the same words carry the same content from one age to another. Less obvious, but equally true, neither do the same visual impressions – sun and moon and cloud and lake and river – carry the same content from age to age. As with the words, so with the images; they become emptied of meanings, of feeling content, that they once possessed. Words live and die with the images, the images live and die with their symbolic content; and we live and die with our words. Coleridge's descriptions of nature, his poems, about images, optically known to us all – the moon on a frosty night, the eyes of birds in the moonlit bushes – seem to describe objects that exist just as much in our world as in his; but make no mistake, they do not. The Nature of the Lake Poets was animate; for modern man, it is a mechanism. Nature and her children – cloud and star, plant and animal, man himself, the very planets – have become the playground of scientific fictions, learned and popular. With the withdrawal from nature of the concept of life, the phenomena have lost the reality of life. In 1957, the skies and landscapes of Coleridge's journals no longer exist.

Only another scholar could do justice to Miss Coburn's editing. Her learning in her chosen field is immense, her tact and taste, her modesty, her generous acknowledgment of the work of other scholars, are unfailing. There seems to be no fragment that she has not been able to follow to its source, with the skill that only comes of life-long familiarity with a certain kind of material. Perhaps at times she gives even too much – will anyone ever want to know the future careers of the four Danes that Coleridge met on the boat to Germany, but never again? Sometimes – not often – the scholar suffers from a blind spot that common sense might have removed – ('Methodism, a stove' requires no comment from Burnet on the heating properties of religious controversy; a visit to a prayer-meeting would explain the metaphor). But someone, some day, may make use of even Miss Coburn's most abstruse notes. The common reader can but be grateful for her tracing of passages to their source, her translations from German, Latin and Greek, her identifications of persons and their links with one another. Miss Coburn has earned the gratitude of both the learned and the lay reader.

KATHLEEN RAINE

No Width or Warmth

The White Fathers. By GLENN D. KITTLER. *W. H. Allen.* 25*s.*

I opened this book with keen anticipation. Here, if ever, was the possibility of a story about Africa which should be, and, in view of its subject, surely must be exhilarating beyond words. For anyone who has lived and worked in any part of the continent knows something of the reputation of those great missionaries, the White Fathers. And even a benighted Anglican like myself knows who Lavigerie was and a little of what he achieved. Moreover, the story of a missionary order offers every possible opportunity to the writer to show what the meaning of Christian missions was in the past; is at this present moment; ought to be in the next thirty years or so of Africa's great awakening. There is surely no theme, for the Christian of whatever denomination, more thrilling than that of Africa and the Cross. For these are the years, the moments even, of decision: for the Church there can be no tomorrow for 'missionary' work if the lessons of the past are not assimilated and acted upon today. And where, more clearly than in the near-century of work of the White Fathers, could these lessons be more splendidly illustrated?

For the first five or six chapters I really believed that Mr Kittler was going to succeed. The opening chapter is very well done indeed. And the picture of the young Lavigerie is splendid. 'It would be nicer,' he said, when offered his first African see, 'to live at Lyons, but it would be easier to die in Algiers.' And then, to his Arabs: 'I claim the privilege of loving you as my sons, even though you would not acknowledge me for your father'. The author is right, of course, in emphasising the colossal role of Lavigerie not only in his foundations of the two missionary orders, but in the far-sightedness of his views on African development. It is fascinating to hear in *1867*, in *Algeria*, a French bishop praying that 'from the freedoms of France might come a freer Algiers. By that I mean civil, religious, agricultural and commercial liberties which we still lack. . . .' It is not so surprising to hear Napoleon III reply: 'Limit your zeal. Work with your own people. *Leave the natives to the government*'. And the successors to Napoleon have echoed his advice quite faithfully.

It is thrilling, at least to any Christian missionary, to read of the beginnings of this most wonderful venture of faith, which took the white

habit across the desert to Timbuktu, into the Sudan, down to Uganda, east to Tanganyika. And none would wish to decry, even for a moment, the gay heroism, the light-hearted venturesomeness of those wonderful pioneers. Nor can it be challenged that their labours were the foundation of a missionary work of vast impressiveness which stands as their memorial in the Africa of today. Truly the White Fathers demonstrated that, once again 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church'. But they deserve a better historian.

In the first place the book lacks balance. Lavigerie died in 1892—yet more than two-thirds of the book deals with his lifetime, and some of the issues in which he was involved are scarcely relevant to Africa at all. It is surely stretching denominational prejudice a bit far to call Livingstone 'the missionary of science', and to give him only a passing nod of recognition. It is hardly accurate to say that 'up to this moment (1889) *all* anti-slavery activity in Europe had been of Catholic instigation and guidance, either by the Pope or Lavigerie' or to state, baldly, that the latter 'had done more than all others to free the African'. Whilst I am second to none in my admiration for the heroic sanctity and glorious generosity of Roman Catholic Religious Orders, I must confess that Mr Kittler gives me a pain in the neck with his constant puerile and inaccurate gibes at all whom he calls 'Protestant'. I do not think it is simply because I am an Anglican, and proud of it, that I resent so much such remarks as: 'Only Protestants got jobs around the Company fort', nor the implication that the ghastly 'religious war' in Uganda was chiefly the result of an unholy alliance between Anglican missionaries and the British East Africa Company. I do not believe that Roman Catholic missionaries of the quality and holiness of the White Fathers would really subscribe to Mr Kittler's out-dated, ill-informed hostility. Nor do I think that an intelligent reader would be likely to believe that 'school budgets' today 'varied according to the whim of the British Agent for schools'. But then Mr Kittler is an American. And I wonder how much of his life he has actually spent in Africa?

No. The White Fathers deserve a better historian: for they are very great missionaries. But let him be a historian who has known and felt the wide African sky above him and the warm African earth on his feet. Mr Kittler lacks both width and warmth, and his Catholicism is the Catholicism of the provincial, not of the missionary on so vast and challenging a continent as Africa.

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The book came out nearly 30 years ago and had been long out of print. A few years before Capell's death I urged him to republish it, but that shy and oddly abrupt man looked away and murmured something about its being 'too senti-

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mental, he feared'. At least he did not forbid its reissue, and now his successor on the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr Martin Cooper, has undertaken the task. It has not proved a very onerous one. With the help of Messrs O. E. Deutsch and Maurice Brown a few small points of scholarship have been rectified; but, Capell having been himself a scholarly man, the necessary changes were so slight that the original pagination could be retained and fresh type-setting dispensed with. The editing strikes me as inadequate in one respect only. Some reference should have been inserted, even if only in the index, to the new canonical numbers of Deutsch's Thematic Catalogue, which are here all the more necessary since Schubert often made several settings of the same poem, or used the same title for two quite different songs. Otherwise, we are thankful that Capell has been left to speak for himself.

How well he could do so, how well he wrote! Good writing about music is now rare, and liable to arouse suspicion in strict musicological circles. Is a time coming when the divorce between literature and music will become absolute, and all critical commentary be replaced by wordless functional analysis? 'We must not forget that all talk about music, however relevant, is in the nature of a detour – from music *via* conceptual terms to music.' True enough; but what wordless analysis, I wonder, will ever cast as much illumination on Schubert's style as Capell's third chapter? Songs, at any rate, need poetic as well as musical insight; and it is just here that Capell is particularly valuable, for he was, as Mr Cooper remarks, 'himself something of a poet'. His love of literature makes him the surest of guides to Schubert's poets, and to the composer's special relationship with each. Goethe he venerates, and apostrophises thus: 'Admirable poet, whose sentiment could stand the full light of the intellect and not wither! How does Schubert [Capell continues] bear himself in such company?'

> Walking by the great man's side, the child of genius does not necessarily take in all he is saying. Not all, but enough. The poet speaks, and in the other and not less divine nature the lilt of a dozen words and the sense of one have engendered a new being. Schubert cannot attend to every hint that Goethe drops. All would be excess when a single one can do so much. Schubert paces on with the new sounds delightfully dancing in his mind, and turns to pay attention again when the speaker's tone changes.

The book consists of three introductory chapters covering 75 pages – a very short general one on Schubert's 'sentiment', and two longer ones on his poets and his style; followed by nearly 200 pages devoted to a systematic examination of all the songs in chronological order. Among the more than 600 of these there are, by any reckoning, hundreds of masterpieces; and it is a mark at once of Capell's musical perceptiveness and of his literary skill that so much appreciation never grows wearisome or monotonous. He never fails us, not even with the simplest, briefest and purest of these lyrics, which are the hardest to characterise without mere gush. 'Too sentimental?' No indeed; but it is true that we cannot read far in these pages without feeling the quiver of the author's intense sympathy and love for his subject. Who could put into better words our emotions on playing or hearing the very last of Schubert's songs, *Die Taubenpost*?

> By this time we should know Schubert's resilience well enough; but the *Taubenpost* comes all the same as a surprise with its sunny ingenuousness and almost jaunty lilt. . . .
>
> Schubert, thus flirting and sonneteering, ended the page, which another day was to be turned and the next piece written. The song ends; but as for its being itself an end, nothing is farther from the suggestion. The day is young, we have been at play; there is time in plenty, there is all the future, for other thoughts and works – that is the impression remaining. But the time was already over! There is nothing to explain such things – that Schubert should have been Schubert – that this should have been the end.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Hunting in Africa

Momella. By MAXIMILIAN VON ROGISTER. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

Kenya Diary, 1902-1906. By COLONEL R. MEINERTZHAGEN. *Oliver & Boyd.* 30*s.*

The Sheltering Desert. By HENNO MARTIN. *Kimber.* 25*s.*

Colonel Meinertzhagen and Mr von Rogister are both big game hunters. Fifty years separate their activities. During that period ninety per cent of the wild life of Africa has been destroyed, some species are in danger of extinction, and the sportsman-hunter has become a controversial figure. People tend to look at him askance and wonder what went wrong with his childhood. Awkward questions pop: 'Why not stalk with a camera instead of a rifle?' Both our authors are conscious of criticism; both return lame answers. Colonel Meinertzhagen, publishing in old age a diary kept as a subaltern, says: 'The hunting of big game gave me good healthy exercise'. Perceiving, perhaps, the inadequacy of this statement, he adds: 'I have no excuse. . . . I was obsessed by an unashamed blood-lust'.

A nine-page census of the beasts he 'bagged', including nineteen lions, forms an appendix to his book. One half-expects it to be followed by a further (and far larger) census of the 'niggers' he 'bagged', also with their weights and measures, for the quantity of blood spilt in his pages, which now rather shocks him, is human as well as animal and he uses the same sporting terms for stalking game and for punishing the tribes: he was soldiering in Kenya when it was in process of White settlement. War is only another form of big-game hunting, he says, and adds: 'I have no belief in the sanctity of human life or the dignity of the human race'. This simplified outlook enables him to take equally deliberate expeditionary revenge upon an African village where a White settler has been brutally murdered ('I gave orders that every living thing except children should be killed without mercy') and upon a mob of baboon who have killed his pet dog ('The baboon were to be shot down without mercy'). Yet to present him as a cruel man would be unjust. Indeed cruelty upsets him and, as often happens, brings out in him the worst. When the tribes did not need to be 'taught a lesson' he was friendly with them, tried to protect them from White exploitation, approved of their nakedness; now a distinguished ornithologist, his collector's interest in fauna and flora was wide and scientific. But danger was his element; fearless, self-confident, cunning, violent (there is evidence of father-trouble), he was always spoiling for a 'good fight' or a 'good stalk'. His book is of great interest and should not be missed.

Mr von Rogister and Margaret Trappe, his hostess at 'Momella', a farm in Tanganyika, are cosier companions. Once a famous huntress, she has let down the side in her old age; the dear animals, especially elephants, now rampage through her garden or her crops with impunity.

The author has not yet reached this state of grace, but he is on the way. Modest (no photograph of him appears among his illustrations, a rare piece of self-effacement) and sensitive, he is often content to watch the splendid beasts, and sometimes when he takes aim he does not pull the trigger, the creature before him is so pretty. His book can therefore be warmly recommended both to the unrepentant sportsman and to the non-sportsman, for it will outrage neither. His delight in hunting, which he, too, fails to elucidate ('that inexpressible bond that unites the hunter and the hunted'), seems to be the horn. He is obsessed by the out-size. The large horn, larger and larger horns, he cannot resist them and, when he gets them home, stands 'gazing at them in wonder for hours on end, and touching them reflectively!'

It is fair to say that both these authors frequently killed to eat. Mr Henno Martin killed to live. He and a friend, both German geologists, sought refuge from internment in a barren tract of canyon and desert, called the Namib, between Windhoek in South-West Africa and the sea. They took with them a lorry-load of provisions, a pistol, a shot-gun and their dog. There, like Robinson Crusoe, they lived by their wits for two-and-a-half years, entirely solitary, in caves or cabins built by themselves. Wild life abounded in the gorges, driven from one drying water-hole to another by the persistent droughts—springbok, gemsbok, zebras, ostriches, and beasts of prey: the human intruders had also to learn to live like beasts of prey. But besides killing when they needed food, they observed the animals, marvelled at their difficulties and powers of adaptation and reflected upon evolution and the future of mankind. The fantastic scenery, the parching heat, the formidable hardships, the tremendous drama of the annual marshalling rain-clouds: this serious and exciting story of man and beast sharing in the struggle for survival bears the stamp of *Kon-Tiki* and is vastly more moving than that over-rated book. It is additionally moving in that the scene has now changed, human beings have fertilised his desert since Mr Martin's recent time, the great herds of playful wild creatures have mostly been killed off, no-one will ever see again the wonderful things that he describes.

J. R. ACKERLEY

Stream and Lake

New Poems, 1957. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

A Winter Talent. By DONALD DAVIE. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Errors of Observation. By GORDON WHARTON. *Reading University. Limited Edition : 6s.*

Reading a Medal. By TERENCE TILLER. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Dead Sparrow. By BRIAN GILES. *Abelard-Schuman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Brutus's Orchard. By ROY FULLER. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

New Poems, 1957, the latest PEN anthology, and one of the best that have yet appeared (it is edited by Cecil Day Lewis, Kathleen Nott and Thomas Blackburn), provides a handy picture of contemporary verse. It shows a scene of faintly lost and disengaged variety. I imagine that a similar anthology gathered from the mid-Thirties would have been, in comparison, almost unanimous, for poets then were borne on a stream. The stream flowed

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"A quietly and deliberately terrible book . . . by far Mr. Shute's most considerable achievement." M. R. RIDLEY, *Daily Telegraph.* 15s.

GEORGETTE HEYER *Sylvester*

Miss Heyer has no peer in the realm of romantic period fiction; in her latest she is at her brilliant best. 15s.

S. J. PERELMAN *Bite on the Bullet*

Subtitled *or Under the Spreading Atrophy*, this is another collection of playlets, anti-social studies and phantasmagorias from the most inspired humorist in the world. 16s.

more and more slowly, ran underground during the War, and seems to have emerged as a lake. A stream carries and a lake reflects, and from a lake one can climb more easily on to dry ground. After the river the land was bound to appear very dry. Still, there one can walk about, noticing first the objects nearest at hand, and becoming aware how disconcertingly the distances have widened. It is this curious liberty, evoking the threatening image of a vacuum, which seems to characterise a great deal of contemporary poetry. With no impulsion behind him, the poet is left to choose, tentatively, his own direction, and is afflicted with caution.

There have been periods like this before, and they generally come at the point of exhaustion of those periodic movements which have done so much for poetry. At one time in the Victorian Age, after the Romantic Movement had lost its first impetus, poets as different as Tennyson, Browning, Arnold and Clough were all writing. Except for Tennyson, they were the reluctant, protesting legatees of romanticism. Arnold was always insisting that poetry needed a fresh current of ideas to invigorate it; he would not have felt that had he been born a generation earlier, with Wordsworth and Coleridge, who had changed poetry. The fate of those who follow after the greater or smaller movements in poetry is a perplexing one.

It is clear, in any case, that the young poet today has a harder task than he would have had in the Thirties. Even a provisional, utilitarian current of ideas can give poetry a collective force. Now the poet has to choose between becoming a conforming exception or remaining a genuine one. It is encouraging and surprising to find from this anthology how much good poetry has been written in such circumstances. There are two comparatively new names in the anthology: George Mackay Brown and Patricia Beer, and both are original poets. To list the more established names would be tedious.

Mr. Donald Davie is clearly aware of the present state of poetry. Threatened by the spectre of the vacuum, he sees the need for limits, but also the danger of making them too narrow: tradition comes to his help here. In *Dream Forest* he sets up 'types of ideal virtue', a thing which would not have been thought of two decades ago. They are traditional first,

> Brutus, imperious, curbed
> Not much by the general will,
> But by the will to be curbed,
> A preference for limits.

Then Pushkin,

> a mind
> Molten and thereby fluent,
> Unforced, easily strict.

And last, surprisingly,

> Strindberg—a staring head.

The poem ends:

> Classic, romantic, realist,
> These have I set up,
> These have I set, and a few trees.
> When will a grove grow over
> This mile upon mile of moor.

The poem reminds one slightly of Arnold with his 'standards', except for the last line, which stands for the present state of poetry and the world, which Arnold could not have imagined.

These lines show Mr Davie's intention, and he carries it out finely in a series of poems about Yorkshire and Dissent. There is a moving poem about his father—a busy collector of Great Thoughts and inscriptions on tombs—ending with the moral that the poet must make of these

> a whole
> That's moved from inward, dancing.

Mr Davie makes the evangelical idea of salvation dance:

> that most crucial bottleneck of Grace,
> That more than hourglass, being waspish, waist
> Where all the flutes of love are gathered in.

There is an objective felicity in these lines which pleases both the mind and the feelings. The poems on Ireland and Italy are not so good, but this is a poetry one can respect and enjoy.

Mr Davie questions things, but reaches his own conclusions. Mr Wharton mainly questions, very insistently, but inconclusively a common thing in contemporary poetry. His attitude is shown best in *The Need for Fences*, a very good poem:

> Always there are these ill-guarded frontiers
> No sudden change of scenery indicates . . . we know
> We shall go back, limits or not, and press
> By the thick-armed guardians to go
> Singing in orchards; but we must confess
> It is best to know when you are crossing borders.

The dilemma is exactly stated; Mr Wharton's fences are a local version of Mr Davie's limits, except that the fences seem to be put up at random; yet one wonders if they have the sort of reality which Franz Kafka gives such things. Mr Wharton occasionally strikes out an impressively simple line:

> You should have qualms on this return from Hades.

It is from a poem called *Second Chance*. He has a sense of the ambiguity of life, and a deliberately sober language in which to render it. A promising volume.

Mr Tiller belongs to a slightly earlier generation, and he and Mr Giles write a kind of poetry which does not come straight out of its time yet fits easily into it, and would have in any decade since Keats. Its source is delight, and its object is the transmission of delight, which is a function of poetry. It is sensuous and highly finished. Mr Tiller describes Eve exquisitely and leaves her unharmed in the Garden and outside the world. It would be ungrateful to scorn delight wherever it may be found, and Mr Tiller is a discoverer; yet one becomes aware presently of all that is left out. He is a poet in love with felicity, as others have been before him. Mr Giles, it seems to me, pierces now and then to a deeper imaginative level, as in his fine *Europa* and *Time Past*. His workmanship is as good as Mr Tiller's, his imagination more searching, and this first volume shows unusual promise.

Mr Fuller is a very different kind of poet. He has something of the Thirties' concern with the present and alarm about the future. To most contemporary poets these are things to be questioned and understood. Mr Fuller is in rebellion against them, and rebellion can come from a sense of measure:

> paths relapse
> Like moral principles: the surrounding shires
> Darken beneath the bombers' crawling wings,
> The terrible simplifiers jerk the strings.

The past is no better than the present:

> Appalling that should still arise
> All that is dead and was untrue.

Even the ancient gods were responsible for our present evils:

> Weltering in blood, enormous joys
> Lighting their faces, is a frieze
> Of giantesses, gods and boys:
> And lions and inhuman trees.

Mr Fuller sees everything realistically, including the old gods, and in almost unrelieved gloom. Gloom can hardly dispense with moralising, and Mr Fuller has acquired the habit. But the energy of his picture is admirable.

EDWIN MUIR

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Longshanks Redivivus

The True Blue: The Life and Adventures of Col. Fred Burnaby. By MICHAEL ALEXANDER. *Hart-Davis. 30s.*

It is a fallacy that flamboyantly 'active' natures can be read at a glance. In 1876 that 'jovial and enterprising officer', Captain Burnaby of the Blues, published his best-selling *Ride to Khiva*; and Henry James found in it 'a very entertaining image of a thoroughly English type of man—the robust, conservative, aristocratic soldier, opaque in intellect but indomitable in muscle, who has "done" the world in general in a series of shooting-excursions. . . .' There we have one cliché. The frontispiece, after Tissot's portrait, offers a more amusing one: a long-legged military swell, 'sitting, or rather reclining', says the caption, 'with Ouidan elegance on a white settee', propping up his cigarette-hand, and holding forth, like the Honourable Mr Listless, as though the exertion might be too much for him.

These readings are not mutually exclusive; taken together, they would make a Scarlet Pimpernel of the Horse Guards. But as a matter of fact, Fred Burnaby is said to have looked like an Italian baritone with a dash of Jewish blood, and dressed worse than his brother officers could endure. He 'did the world', not in shooting-trips—which would have been too expensive anyhow—but as an amateur journalist: acquiring Spanish, Russian or Arabic incidentally, and making a beeline for places where he was liable to succumb or embarrass the Government. In Spain, he had been seen pacing the ramparts with Don Carlos; in Bulgaria he chummed with the Turkish rearguard, and shared its retreat over the mountains,

where forty men would freeze to death in a night. Such were Burnaby's amusements on leave; in England, his hobby was not shooting but going up in balloons. He was the wrong size for it—'No one can imagine,' said a fellow-aeronaut, 'the curiously complete way in which his legs pervaded the car'—but he may have relished that.

For there is no doubt Burnaby was a show-off. At twenty he had been reckoned the strongest man in the Army, and had given fearsome displays of weight-lifting, poker-twisting, etc. Later on he became a jingo, a hammer of 'Muscovites', Liberals and 'sentimentalists', and a Tory candidate who scorned the idea of getting in, when he could stand at Birmingham against fearful odds. Burnaby traced his descent from Edward Longshanks, and would have known what to do with himself as Longshanks, or as Coeur de Lion. In the Victorian age he ran wild—a gigantic knight-errant, of friendly manners and 'invulnerable good temper', spoiling for an ordeal.

And nothing came of him. The politician never became an MP; the soldier-patriot was never officially on active service. When at last he managed to fall for his country in the Sudan, it was only by sneaking out 'on leave', and getting employment on the spot. He was assigned to the Camel Corps in its dash to relieve Gordon; and perhaps Gordon died because Burnaby did not care to live.

He had at no time cared a great deal. Behind the outworks of his cheery, rattling personality and vast circle of acquaintances, he was always lonely; other men—except for a very few like Don Carlos, or like the soldier-servant who had died in his arms—were simply not big enough. Even in his twenties, as well as huge strength and total pluck he had chronic liver trouble. At forty, before his last journey to the Sudan, he had improved this into a complete organic breakdown. He was sick, heavy, nearing half-pay. His romantic union had faded out; his indifference to life had culminated. 'Goodbye, Robert,' he told an old family servant, 'I shan't come back.'

As may be seen, the author had plenty of material. Indeed, he has too much background material; the goings-on in Asia, the Near East and the Sudan become a muddle unless you knew about them already, and he sometimes narrates them back to front. And there is too little Burnaby; when, for instance, we want some light on his breach with the Prince of Wales, his curious and 'sad' marriage, or the hostility of his regiment, the biographer doesn't help. Which seems a pity, when he is so industrious and agreeable.

K. JOHN

Old Prisons

The English Prison Hulks. By W. BRANCH-JOHNSON. *Christopher Johnson.* 18*s.*

John Grant's Journey. By W. S. HILL-REID. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Galley Slave. By J. MARTEILHE DE BERGERAC. Ed. KENNETH FENWICK. *Folio Society.* 17*s.*

When contemplating penal reform it is salutary to remember that every new device for keeping human beings in captivity has been hailed with applause in its day. The galleys, the hulks, transportation to Botany Bay – words of loathing in modern vocabulary – were all regarded by the societies that invented them as admirable institutions. The blessings of one age become the abominations of the next. The perfect way to cage men has yet to be discovered. *The English*

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Prison Hulks is a historical survey, the first ever to be published of our old floating gaols – the ingenious system of confining convicts, and prisoners of war, in old wooden warships, which were easily supervised and from which it was difficult to escape. As one might expect, Mr Branch-Johnson has a disgusting story to tell, of dirt, disease, vice, overcrowding and brutality, with many lurid details. The staff attracted to these 'dens of infamy' and 'hells on earth' fulfilled the usual requirements: the doctors were negligent, the victuallers corrupt, the overseers heartless, and the parsons lazy and complacent. Only one change for the better can be recorded in conditions aboard between 1776, when hulks were first authorised by Act of Parliament as 'a temporary expedient', and 1862, when the last hulk was broken up at Bermuda: in the eighteenth century one in three of the prisoners died every year, whereas fifty years later the annual death rate had sunk to one in sixteen.

John Grant's Journey in 1803 took him as a transported felon to New South Wales, whence he despatched passionate accounts of the convicts' sufferings at the hands of authority to his mother and sister in England, hoping for some tremendous redress. His plan miscarried, for his indignant letters and journals have lain mouldering in a London bank vault for 150 years until Mr Hill-Reid has by chance rescued them for publication. On his own evidence Grant reveals himself as one of those tiresome fellows with a perpetual grievance, for whom the world can never do enough. The conditions out in Australia were inevitably primitive and harsh and the discipline occasionally brutal. But the Governor was well-disposed to him as an educated man, and allowed him considerable liberty until he took it upon himself to champion convicts' rights and invoke Magna Charta, when he was promptly packed off to Norfolk Island in irons. There he continued his insubordination and incurred a flogging which seems to have changed the tenor of his thoughts: he became a vegetarian, grew a long beard and devoted his mind to religion. In 1811 he received a pardon and returned to England a free man: and that is the last we know of him. Grant's plight as a convict was in all likelihood even more pathetic than he himself supposed, for his original crime, for which he had been sentenced to death and reprieved, was that of a lunatic. He had fired two barrels of swanshot into the buttocks of an elderly solicitor because he felt slighted by the man's refusal to fight an idiotic duel. The irons and perhaps the flogging cured him eventually of his megalomania. Nowadays he would have spent his eight years of insanity more comfortably at Broadmoor. Mr Hill-Reid's fulsome narrative style may be found a trifle irksome; but he atones somewhat by scholarly editing of his wonderful find.

Jean Marteilhe served for thirteen years in the war-galleys of Louis XIV for the crime of being a Huguenot and attempting to escape from France. He wrote an account of his appalling experience in 1757, which Oliver Goldsmith translated a year later. This handsome folio edition (with helpful illustrations from the Musée de la Maine) is a modern and abridged re-translation, omitting much of the superfluous Protestant propaganda against the Catholics. Life on the galleys is commonly pictured as rows of naked men chained to oars, being perpetually whipped by vile task-masters for not pulling their weight. Marteilhe, who is a remarkably cool observer, does not deny that such a situation did occur on rare occasions, in the heat of battle or in a nautical emergency. Flogging dead men is no more use than flogging dead horses; 'and the effort of rowing can be killing at the best of times'. The routine brutalities took place ashore, where the galleys were laid up for six months of the year, and bear familiar resemblance to those in the English hulks a century later. Apart from its tale of horrors *Galley Slave* contains a stirring account of actions at sea in the Channel against the English and Dutch and the best available technical description of a working galley and its apparatus.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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Funnies

Alarms and Diversions. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

You Can't Get There From Here. By OGDEN NASH. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Woman of My Life. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Esprit de Corps. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

With the Guards to Mexico! By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

Aspects of English History. By CLAUD COCKBURN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

A new Thurber? Hardly that, but one-third of *Alarms and Diversions* reaches covers for the first time, and from 350 pages we shall be unlucky if we don't come up with other finds. I hadn't for a very long time heard the introduction, 'That's my first wife up there, and this is the *present* Mrs Harris': my eyes seek the top of the book-case; sure enough, there she crouches, though one half-expected to see her coming down. Then 'You and your horsie' still haunt the bar, and the disenchanted family are at home. I don't any longer distinguish between Thurbers I've seen before and Thurbers I haven't; they are all, like an Emily Dickinson poem, in eternity. One picture sequence, however, I hadn't met before, unless – as so often happens – in dreams: *The Race of Life*, or the onwards bug in the human family. Up and down hill they go, Matisse goopies stirred to action, and Quarrels and Spring Dances lead to Dogs in a Blizzard, from which it is surprising they ever got away. Not that the dogs are in the least fierce, or that the snow may not be paper; but if anything could hold one starry-eyed forever it is this lower panel on page 139. It's so enchanting that I wonder whether the settings of too-famous poems are here too: no, not this time. Just as well we don't tire of the Thurber idyll, because – with his tragic loss of sight – that source has dried up.

I doubt if any of his writings, except perhaps *My Life and Hard Times*, quite come up to the drawings, because he belongs by nature to the silent days, with captions; and talkie is only his way of growing-up and conforming to the language of others. Still, there's nothing quite like Thurber prose, the padded rooms, the low whistles, the conversations in cotton wool, the lucidity of being really caught this time. In the new third of *Alarms and Diversions* he goes back to the first time he saw Paris (in the Armistice days of 1918) and currently to a London in which some writers seem to go on living forever, and a lady asks him at dinner if it's true Americans can only write in certain phases of the moon and in odd parts of the house; he looks for the Loch Ness monster, but this is a rather disappointing fact-finding tour, undertaken by one who has found stranger vertebrates seated in the chair opposite; then there is a romp, in slow motion as it were, through gobbledydook; and listening to voices of women in hotel lounges he seems to detect a new and quiet quality, as though they had decided to take over things before we are all blown to pieces; he quotes a Dr Rudolph Horch to the effect that the female's sexual interest in her mate has decreased seventeen and two-sevenths per cent since September, 1929. Well, perhaps I am wrong in trying to put the ruminative Thurber below the pictorial; of course, we couldn't do without him either.

Mr Ogden Nash, too, no doubt is indispensable; though for me he is a far bird, and I prefer near animals. When he writes

> The Daiquiris are flowing
> Before the meal and after;
> The smoke from fifty filter tips
> Is shaken by the Schraffter,

I don't know what he's talking about, and I wonder if I ought to. But I do – we must all – know his endless party –

> Where a couple of the guests are arty
> And the rest of the guests are goops.
> There's the confidential girlish chatter
> It soothes you like a drug—
> And the gentle pitter-patter
> As the anchovies hit the rug.
> There's the drip, drip, drip of the mayonnaise
> As the customers slither through the canapes . . . .

Even coughs and the wheels of cars make him chirp. Banks *are* 'provocatively robbable', and only inherent niceness makes him end the previous line 'probable'. Most of all I like his Mr Powers, estranged by a wife always fixing flowers, who came down to only shaving once a week because no one cared if his chin was scratchy, and felt as lonely as *Cavalleria* without *Pagliacci*. Terribly bright and spring-like is Mr Nash, and catchy. I don't know that I ever inconsolably yearn for him, but with a book of his in hand I can't help hopping to and fro in it.

Then Mr Bemelmans. He seats you in a restaurant corner with the stars overhead, a blonde on this side, a dark-head on that. Pigs have worked overtime in the dark forests to provide truffles. He gives a polish to chrome. Guzzle, says everything, daintily. He leans close playing a violin. His eye is tender, ironic . . . . I don't know that he is my cup of tea – in fact, cup of tea gives me away. But he is a *maître* of a kind, and *The Woman of My Life* entertains expensively with love in and out of revolving doors, Paris, *châteaux*, prison, the time and the place and the reluctance towards the loved one all togeher. His *nouvelle* – which is exceedingly funny as well as sleek – recounts the memoirs of a rich aristocrat who, ever since he was despatched as a schoolboy in the family carriage to an establishment near the Opera, has resisted worldly education in quest of the ideal: feminine, of course. In the end, he seems to find it; it sucks him in like a pin into a vacuum cleaner, and rattling, bemused he leaves us.

Of the native contingent only Mr Durrell's *Esprit de Corps* manages to escape the fug of English comic writing. It is funny about the Diplomatic Corps, Belgrade, official prose style, and especially the special train, Jugoslav, with three folk-painted carriages and an old engine bought up from Hollywood – 'Its gaping furnace, which was white hot, was being passionately fed by some very hairy men in cloth caps who looked like Dostoevsky's publishers'. Diplomatic fun has loosened up since *Some People*, and Mr Durrell has a quick touch in fantastic anecdote.

Mr Peter Fleming is much where he was; it is the currency of polite understatement that has been devalued. In this company he hardly seems funny at all. War memories play a large part in these sketches; *The Flying Visit* is reprinted, but the triumph of prophecy almost fulfilled can't recapture the thrill; and a too-elaborate joke about a cultured type concealing a wild female novelist comes from Aldous Huxley, and is not up to him. Trains, however, in three broadcasts talks, have lifted Mr Fleming too; and the japes with an ammunition train in Greece and amateur engine-drivers just suit him.

Violently unentertaining, I'm afraid, for me is *Aspects of English History*.

> The Americans, and what have been termed with more than a touch of the *insouciance* – associated in the unhistorically-conditioned mind with Calvin Coolidge and (to employ a period term) 'the boys' – Anglo-American relations differed widely from Anglo-Russian relations.

Mr Claud Cockburn can go on like that for a whole book. But can we? What it is all about, beyond recent English habits and trends flung out in scrambled clichés and anachronisms, one soon ceases to care. The awful thing is that he *has* a dynamo, which has introduced a new abandon into memoirs; here it chirrs round working some old automatic razor or kettle with a hole in it.

G. W. STONIER

Round-Up

Theatre and Music for the Young

An intelligent introduction to the history of our national theatre, that seems to me as suitable for teenagers as grown-ups, is *Masters of British Drama*, by John Allen (Dobson, 12s. 6d.). It is a short book, clear and straightforward, seemingly simple, but with a great deal of carefully considered and carefully arranged information. Mr Allen has an amiable and never silly enthusiasm for the stage. *Shakespeare at the Old Vic*, vol. 4 (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.) is the gift for a child

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with a passion for Robert Helpmann, Claire Bloom or any of the 56-57 Old Vic stars. There are masses of shiny photographs, with a jogging little summary of the nine productions. There is more about *Robert Helpmann* in the latest Theatre World Monograph (Rockliff, 15s.) by Kathrine Sorley Walker: little gush, good photographs. For the would-be musician *Learn to Read Music* (Faber, 15s.) explains musical notation with disarming simplicity. Howard Shanet is an American professor who through this book instils a basic understanding of rhythm and sound. By practising carefully graded exercises an enthusiast may learn to read music without a piano.

Through an Opera Glass, by Irene Gass (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), and *The Sour Sweet Music*, by Alan Fluck (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), have been written for children: the first a quick survey of opera since Monteverdi, the second a survey of contemporary music and its composers. Both books are bedevilled by condescension and surprise. It is strange how many exclamation marks and facetious jokes are forced into the text, with schoolmasterly discordance, to spoil what are otherwise two reasonable works. *Music Dictionary*, by M. K. Davis (Faber, 12s 6d.), is a jovial child's summary of musical terms, with gay illustrations and sensible explanations. The other glossary is a ballet one, a Penguin *Dictionary of Ballet*, by G. B. Wilson (5s.). It records many facts, from detailed descriptions of the classical steps to the careers of past and present ballet dignitaries of all kinds. *Six Great Dancers*, by Mary Clarke (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.), is a dullish, instructive book that lacks cohesion and vitality. *Come to the Ballet*, by Pigeon Crowle (Faber, 15s.), contains six famous stories that are little more than blown-out programme scenarios, with dainty descriptions of costumes. To write these down requires a startling degree of innocence or cynicism.

A. F.

History

'How long have people been talking about Europe?' asks Mr Denis de Rougemont in his introduction to Professor Max Beloff's *Europe and the Europeans*, a historical 'examination of the foundations of European unity' (Chatto & Windus, 25s.). Professor Denys Hay's *Europe, the Emergence of an Idea* (Nelson, 12s. 6d.) attempts to answer this question largely in terms of the later Middle Ages. In *The Carolingian Empire* (Blackwell, 25s.) Professor H. Fichtenau of Vienna lays stress upon the importance of the reign of Charles the Great for the understanding of European History. His book, most readably tanslated by Mr Peter Munz, relates how, under Charlemagne's aegis 'the peoples of a new Europe drew together'.

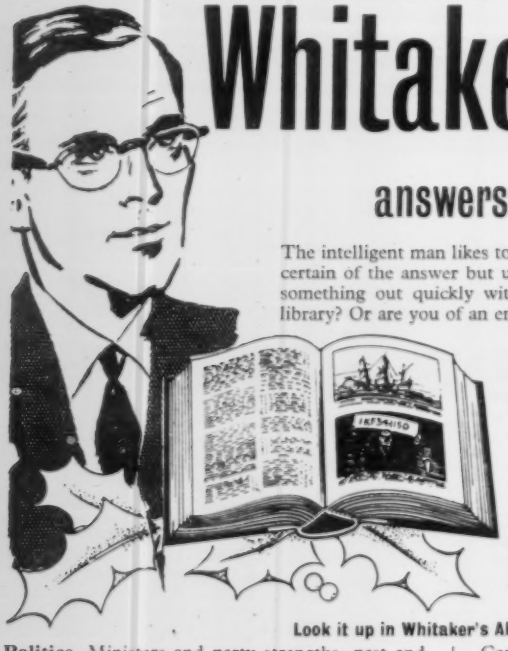
Historians have estimated that a complete bibliography of Napoleon would run to well over 100,000 titles, and M. Albert Guérard has added one more to the list with his new and lively condensation in the Stratford Library series (*Napoleon I*, Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). In *The French in Italy*, 1796-1799 (Chatto & Windus, 30s.) Mr Angus Heriot explores one minor Stendhalian sector of Napoleon's epic. 'Left to themselves,' he writes, 'the Italians would never have produced a revolution; they were like those Russians, who, harangued by the Decembrists about the beauties of a constitution, thought it was the wife of the Grand Duke Constantine. They had reached, almost, a state of political Nirvana, and only foreign intervention could arouse them.'

'His temper was naturally high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.' So Jefferson wrote of America's first President, and Mr Esmond Wright gives him the last word in his *Washington and the American Revolution* (English Universities Press, 8s. 6d.), the most recent addition to the Teach Yourself History series. Those who wish to supplement Laski and Professor D. W. Brogan on the nature and powers of the Presidency would do well to look at Professor Edward S. Corwin's *The President: Office and Powers* (New York U.P., $6.50).

For the general reader, Mr Bertram Newman's *English Historians: Selected Passages* (Oxford, 18s.—also in a school edition at 13s. 6d.) gives a heartening and lively picture of the richness of English historical writing. The selection ranges from Froissart on the Surrender of Calais to Tout on the fourteenth-century civil service, Lord Halifax on the Character of Charles II and Sir Winston Churchill on the entry of the United States into the Second World War. Sir Winston is also much to the fore in Mr Herbert Feis's portentous *Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin*, sub-titled 'the war they waged and the peace they sought'. Mr Feis has had access to the State Department files (Oxford, 42s.).

J. R.

New collections of cartoons available for Christmas are: Osbert Lancaster's *Year of the Comet* (Gryphon Books, 5s.); *Dubout Cartoons* (Neville Spearman, 15s.); *Kovarsky's World* (Faber, 21s.); *The Brockbank Omnibus* (Perpetua Books, 21s.); Thelwell's *Angels on Horseback* (Methuen, 15s.); and Charles Addams's *Nightcrawlers* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.). And there is *The Pick of Punch* edited by Nicolas Bentley (Deutsch, 18s.).



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Miss Lonelyhearts

NATHANAEL WEST is one of the novelists of the breakdown of the American dream in the Thirties. His real name was Nathan Weinstein, he moved in fashionable literary society, became a script writer in Hollywood after the success of *Miss Lonelyhearts* and was killed in a motor accident at the age of 40. Two of his novels, *Miss Lonelyhearts* – which is very well known – and *The Day of the Locust* show that a very original talent was cut short. He was preoccupied with hysteria as the price paid for accepting the sentimentalities of the national dream. He feared hysteria in himself, he was morbidly conscious of it in his people; he was attracted and repelled by its false dreams as one might be by a more poisonous way of mixing gin. West did not feel that life was tragic, for the sense of tragedy was lost in the moral collapse of the period he lived in. Like Chekhov – but only in this respect – he was appalled by the banality of city civilisation. Instead of being tragic life was terrible, meaningless and without dignity. Mr Alan Ross, in a warm, if sometimes difficult, introduction to a volume containing all four of West's novels*, makes this point and suggests that while the English writers of the Thirties reached their conclusions 'through a series of well-bred intellectual convictions', Americans like West were thrown helplessly among the brute economic facts. For them the experience was emotional and even theatrically so, because hysterical violence is very near the surface in American life.

West's resources were Art – he learned from the surrealists – and compassion. Except in his satire, *A Cool Million*, which is an American *Candide* done in the manner of a parody too obvious and prolonged, he was not a political writer in the literal sense. He explored the illness behind the political situation. Human beings have always fought misery with dreams, Miss Lonelyhearts observes; the dream and its ignoble deceits, the panic, anger and frustration these deceits expose, gave him his material. In *The Day of the Locust*, his mature novel, it is the boredom exposed by the failure of the Californian dream of an earthly Paradise that puts an expression of hate and destructiveness on the faces of the weary-middle-aged population who have retired to Los Angeles. As they pour in to gape at the stars arriving for some world premiere, they have the look of lynchers. Lynch, in fact, they do and for no reason.

This does not convey that West is a comic writer. He has freakishness, wit and a taste for the absurd from the surrealists, also their sophistication in parody and styles, but moved quickly away from their gratuitous and perverse humour. He became comic and humane. *Miss Lonelyhearts* is a potent and orderly distillation of all the attitudes to human suffering. Miss Lonelyhearts himself is the drunken writer of an Advice Column in a newspaper who begins running it as a joke, a sort of sobbing *Americana*, and ends by becoming overwhelmed by the weight of human misery and by his inability to do anything about it. The office gambits sicken him. Christ, Art, the Karamazov line, the Value of Suffering, back to Nature, on to Hedonism and so on have been taped long ago by Shrike, the editor with the deadpan face, an expert in 'how to play it'. Shrike is one of West's many attacks on the dream-generators of the mass-media – an attack in the sense of one of those unholy recognitions that lie at the centre of the comic view of life:

> 'I am a great saint,' Shrike cried. 'I can walk on my own water. Haven't you heard of Shrike's passion in the Luncheonette, or the Agony in the Soda Fountain? Then I compared the wounds in Christ's body to the mouths of a miraculous purse in which we deposit the small change of our sins. It is an excellent conceit. But now let us consider the holes in our own bodies and into what these congenital wounds open. Under the skin of a man is a wondrous jungle where veins like lush tropical growths hang along overripe organs and weed-like entrails writhe in squirming tangles of red and yellow. In this jungle, flitting from rock grey lungs to golden intestines, from liver to lights and back to liver again, lives a bird called the soul.'

In the vulgar, exhausted way of the mass-media, dead-pan Shrike is an aesthete. His jaunty little face looks like a paralysed scream of fright. His remarks are pictorial, but without relation to any meaning. Miss Lonelyhearts is muddled by Shrike's cleverness. He would like to be able to believe in the efficacy of Christ, but the name for him has become another word for hysteria, 'a snake whose scales are tiny mirrors in which the dead world takes on a semblance of life'. He plowters through a series of alcoholic bouts, tries to seduce Shrike's cold and salacious wife, gets into fights in speakeasies, terrorises and tries to torture an old man in a public lavatory; for Miss Lonelyhearts has strong sadistic fantasies, his pity has a strain of cruelty in it and he has begun to hate the sufferers who have the tempting horror of freaks. He is seduced by the nymphomaniac wife of a cripple, tries illness, love on a farm. These struggles are fuddled but heroic; he feels his 'great heart' is a bomb that 'will wreck the world without rocking it'. In the end he has a vision of the love of Christ and rushes to tell his friend the cripple about it; but the cripple shoots him in a fit of jealousy. Christ may not be hysteria, but he is a tale told by an idiot.

This might have been a slushy book, the derelict lot behind James Barrie's hoardings. It is, instead, a selection of hard, diamond-fine miniatures, a true American fable. West writes very much by the eye and his use of poetic images has a precision which consciously sustains his preoccupation with the human being's infatuation with his dream and inner story. (All his people are spiders living in the webs they spin out of their minds.) Leaves on trees are like thousands of little shields, a woman's breasts are like 'pink-tipped thumbs', a thrush sings like a 'flute choked with saliva', a cripple limps along 'making waste motions, like those of a partially destroyed insect'. If we call *Miss Lonelyhearts* a minor star it is because we feel that the Art is stronger than the passion; that, indeed Miss Lonelyhearts himself is capable only of pathos. His advice to the nymphomaniac who is torturing her husband, to let him win once, is just wise old owlishness; her happiness is to accuse and torture, his to drag his loaded foot. West has not considered that human beings overwhelmingly prefer suffering to happiness and that their sobbing letters are part of the sense of the role or drama that keeps them going. Still, as a performance, *Miss Lonelyhearts* is very nearly faultless.

The Day of the Locust is an advance from fable and from fragments of people, to the courageous full statement of the novel. I say 'courageous' because in this kind of transition (the writer) has to risk showing the weakness of his hand. The artificial lights of the freak show are off in this book and we see human absurdity as something normal. This is a novel about Hollywood. West worked in the hum of the American dream generators and he chose those people who have done more for American culture than their coevals in Europe have done for theirs; the casualties, the wrecks, the failures, the seedy and the fakes. They are the people to whom the leisureless yea-sayers have said 'No'. The observer is a painter from the East who is dreaming up what sounds like a very bad picture, a sort of Belshazzar's Feast. (He is a vestige of West, the aesthete.) He has fallen for Faye, a day-dreaming creature who secretly earns money as a call-girl for a 'cultured' brothel, and who hopes, like the rest of the people, to get into pictures. She lives among a ramshackle group which includes old stage hangers-on, a ferocious dwarf, a woman who is grooming her son to be a wonder-child of the screen, an absurd, fairly genuine cowboy extra and a pathetic hotel clerk from the Middle West. Faye is carefully observed. She is the complete day-dreamer, insulated to such an extent by the faculty that it acts as an effective alternative to innocence; she is sexually provoking, cold, little-minded and cruel, but puts gaiety into the roles she takes on and has the survival powers of a cork in a storm. If Los Angeles were destroyed by fire she would easily survive, not because she is hard but because she is flimsy. Already, in *Miss Lonelyhearts*, West had been a delicate student of the American bitch.

This Hollywood novel is mature because the compassion has no theatrical pressure; because now West is blocking in a sizeable society, and because his gift for inventing extraordinary scenes has expanded. The novel is dramatised – in Henry James's sense of the word – in every detail, so that each line adds a new glint to the action. His sadistic streak comes out in an astonishing description of an illegal cockfight in a desert lot. His comic powers fill out in the scenes with the angry dwarf and in the pages where the hero gets lost in a film Battle of Waterloo. The psychological entangling is brought to an appalling climax when Faye leaves her exhausted hotel clerk for a Mexican and this leads on to the great final staging of the world premiere, where riot and lynching are sparked off by the wonder boy

* *The Complete Works of Nathanael West*. Introduced by ALAN ROSS. *Secker & Warburg*. 25s.

of the screen and the hate behind the Californian myth comes out:

> Once there, they discover that sunshine is not enough. They get tired of oranges, even of avocado pears and passion fruit. Nothing happens. They haven't the mental equipment for leisure, the money nor the physical equipment for pleasure. . . . Their boredom becomes more and more terrible. They realise that they have been tricked and burn with resentment. Every day of their lives they read the newspapers and went to the movies. Both fed them on lynchings, murder, sex crimes, explosions, wrecks, love nests, fires, miracles, revolutions, war. This daily diet made sophisticates of them. The sun is a joke. Oranges can't titillate their jaded palates. Nothing can be violent enough to make taut their slack minds and bodies.

It was a warning against Fascism; it makes the witch-hunt understandable; by extension, it is a statement about the nearness of violence in American life.

The Day of the Locust has the defect of insufficient ambition. It calls for a larger treatment and we have a slight suspicion that the painter-observer is slumming. But West had not the breath for full-length works. Script-writing snaps up the clever. His important contribution to the American novel was his polished comedy, which he displayed with the variety of a master and on many levels. If his talent was not sufficiently appreciated in the moral Thirties, it was because comedy as a world in itself and as a firm rejection of the respected was not understood. West had something of Europe in him, where it is no crime to know too much.

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Today, not up till late. And then
Driven back to sloth by shame until
All working afternoon I dreamt
I saw three sisters climb a hill
To comb their hair.

The first, in white—for skill, wound
Plaits round a lacquer'd dragon pin;
The next, in green, made the rival curves;
The third, without design, combed in
A ruffled way.

Of course, the sun shone equal while
Eldest sat on her golden stool,
Between sat on a holy-stone,
And the youngest found only standing-room
And stood all day.

The first, in her arms, folds a child
Of gold; the next, in her arms, folds
A child of brass; the last has nothing
To fold in her arms, so she folds
A forked branch.

Then the first two shouted out:
Soldiers will come with ice
On their helmets, and on their wrists
Silver owls that tear a child to shreds
And the last said:

Those who speak for the dead must come
To grief. Because their love is so
Unwanted, does not mean it wanes.
Beware. They will remember
A thousand swords
A thousand names.

And the gold child and the child of brass
Were thrown into the sea for waste.
And with the fear of it I woke, got up,
Drank tea, and walked ten miles away.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

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Voss. By PATRICK WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Span of the Year. By VERA PANOVA. *Harvill Press.* 15*s.*

When Mr Patrick White's *The Tree of Life* appeared a year or so ago comparisons with Tolstoy and Lawrence were flung about in what seemed to someone who hadn't read the book a rather reckless manner. Having read *Voss*, I am happy to join in the chorus of praise for Mr White. It is very fine indeed, by far the most impressive new novel I have read this year. At the least, it is a work of brilliant virtuosity, and I suggest that it is much more than that: I suppose it would need an Australian to gauge its full significance for, as it seems to me, Mr White is attempting to create an Australian myth. If the myth is convincing it is so, first of all, because *Voss* is so satisfying as a novel. The time of the action is 1845, and the opening scenes of the novel are set in Sydney, in the house of Edmund Bonner, a prosperous, pompous, pretentious shopkeeper. This picture of an absurd English community, stuffed with English snobbery and class feeling, waited on by ex-convicts, and perched precariously on the edge of a bizarre continent which it pretends is the home counties, is rendered with a sharpness of wit and a sardonic appreciation of human silliness that – to fling in yet another comparison – reminded me of Jane Austen and the Victorian ladies who, to some degree, are in her tradition.

It is into this cosy, two-by-four world that Johann Ulrich Voss comes. He is unimpressive in appearance, comic not merely because he is a German but also because he is a man with an *idée fixe*. A Nietzschean before Nietzsche, the only role he can bear to play among his fellows is that of God. He is conscious of destiny, and his destiny is to be the first man to cross Australia from east to West. Patronised – in both senses – by Bonner, he sets out on his expedition of exploration, the leader of a small party of White men and aborigines. So Mr White's panorama of Australia a century ago unfolds. His account of settler life in the bush has the freshness and authenticity of Henry Kingsley's, while his descriptions of the appalling sufferings Voss and his party undergo in the face of a hostile nature have a tremendous apocalyptic power and yet are realised as precisely as his picture of Sydney society. For Voss's expedition ends in disaster, with the party split into two and Voss himself killed by aborigines.

What is remarkable is the way in which Mr White succeeds, without strain or discordance, in running through the whole gamut from social comedy to the depiction of the solitary human being in the extreme situation. I think there are two reasons for his success. One is his heroine, Laura Trevelyan, with whom Voss falls in love and who loves him. Voss is not a character on the scale of Captain Ahab but he is of the same kind of creation. In Laura Trevelyan, however, Mr. White has re-created the Victorian heroine as we find her in Mrs Gaskell and George Eliot and, later, in Meredith and James, the heroine who is pledged to self-discovery and because of her very aspirations, is 'magnificently unprepared for the long littleness of life'.

Mr White builds up the character of Laura almost in Victorian terms, as though he were writing a Victorian novel: she convinces as being of her period, but what convinces equally irresistibly is the intensity of her moral imagination, the greatness of her demands on life. She is set in the shallow society of Sydney, the strange girl whose cleverness disconcerts. Voss is the focus of her aspirations and is credible because she is. The relation between them is that of a man to his *anima* and a woman to her *animus*, and it is this relation that gives the novel its unity.

Then, there is the other factor. This is the irony that invests the novel at every point. It is an irony both of situation and incident and of attitude. It dances impartially round a ball in Sydney and a corroboree in the desert. Its total effect is to suggest that Mr White has seen the whole of life, its shallows and depths alike, in the one vision.

Whether or not *Voss* is as great a novel as it seems to me on, admittedly, a single reading, it is clear that almost any author who finds his novel reviewed with it can consider himself unlucky. The difference between *Voss*, on the one hand, and Mme Panova's *Span of the Year*, on the other, is that whereas *Voss* quite transcends its nineteenth-century Australian setting and seems to have something to say about human life generally, her novel interests simply because of the particular country it is set in at the present moment of time. It illuminates highly topical situations. So far as I know, Mme Panova has never been in trouble in Russia for writing the wrong things. Her novel describes, as the title suggests, the cycle of the year in a provincial Rus-

sian town in 1950. It begins on one New Year's Eve and finishes on the next. The novel ends:

> Soon we shall be celebrating. Even those who never drink will have a glass of wine that night. When the Kremlin bells chime—who can help clinking glasses? Let us drink to Sasha's happiness (for we know that his sorrow will soon pass). Let us wish Dorofea courage in the new trials that await her. Let us wish the greatest possible success to the machine-tool factory, and to all people who work honestly for life: for life that is endless, eternally young, eternally renewed.
>
> Happy New Year.

It strikes one as a completely authentic picture of the Russian domestic scene. The most energetic and selfless party-members may still have sons whose behaviour is a travesty of their parents' values. Heroic old Bolsheviks may still be corrupted by the comfort success brings and, out of sheer laziness, acquiesce in anti-social practices. There is still a housing shortage, and those in charge of housing must resist pressure to consider influential people and their friends first. 'Until all the survivals of capitalism are eradicated from people's minds, there will always be some scoundrels about.' And so on. I suppose for Russian readers the moral is that eternal vigilance is called for if the revolution is to be preserved. I should be very much surprised if this novel wasn't a pretty accurate reflection of what the great majority of its Soviet readers implicitly believe.

WALTER ALLEN

Amour-propre and Amour

The Maxims of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Translated by CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON. *Allan Wingate.* 15*s.*

Love. By STENDHAL. Translated by GILBERT and SUZANNE SALE. *Merlin Press.* 21*s.*

A happy accident has placed side by side, in new English versions, these two works of psychological observation by two old soldiers, each of whom played a rather uncertain part in the brilliant wars of his youth and never quite fitted into the French society of his later years. A century and a half lies between them. La Rochefoucauld belonged to the highest aristocracy and Stendhal was a bourgeois, but they both have a military impatience and forthrightness. It might be thought that the parallel goes no further. La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* seem to express the blackest pessimism about human nature, whereas Stendhal's book bubbles with passion and tenderness. La Rochefoucauld was a lean man in his fifties, troubled by an old wound and gout. Stendhal was fat and still in his thirties, and he was to remain, in some respects, one of nature's subalterns all his life. But if you take a closer look, you see that there is a Stendhal in La Rochefoucauld and a La Rochefoucauld in Stendhal. The young Prince de Marcillac who was involved with so many high-spirited women from Anne d'Autriche to Mme de Longueville, who took part in extravagant episodes such as Mme de Chevreuse's escape in masculine garb, who incurred great risks to get his friends out of Richelieu's clutches and was even, at one moment, on the point of carrying off the Queen and the King's mistress to Brussels, was obviously a Stendhalian figure, a Fabrice *avant la lettre*, surrounded by Sanseverinas. He was later to compose the maxim: *La jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle; c'est la fièvre de la raison*, which could easily be attributed to Stendhal, if one did not know where it came from.

On the other hand, inside the lyrical subaltern

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(he was actually more than this, but even when aspiring to a barony still a subaltern at heart), who scribbled down his impressions any old how all over Europe and later bundled them together to form a book, there was an ironical intelligence which let no self-deception pass. He has read all the cynical memoir-writers of the Old Régime and was well acquainted with La Rochefoucauld. I notice, on re-reading the two books together, that in Chapter V of *De l'Amour* Stendhal reproduces Maxim 613 almost word for word, as if it were his own. Perhaps he had re-invented it. In many passages, La Rochefoucauld would have recognised further applications of the principle of *amour-propre*; for instance, the sentence: *Je crois voir un homme qui se jette par la fenêtre, mais qui cherche pourtant à avoir une position gracieuse en arrivant sur le pavé* might be recast as a maxim on *la coquetterie du suicide*. Both La Rochefoucauld and Stendhal are French in the very best sense; they have violent feelings, they cannot abide humbug either in themselves or in others, and they never write a flabby sentence.

Although Mr Fitz Gibbon speaks highly of the *Maxims* in his Introduction, I wonder if he does not underestimate their ferocity. After explaining that they derived from a society game, he says that they are not intended to be a final statement but are simply meant 'to provide the springboard for amusing, pleasant and occasionally profound conversation'. He adds that they must seem 'very mild and moderate' from the viewpoint of the twentieth century. If they are merely that, why bother to translate them? Everything points to the fact that La Rochefoucauld himself took them very seriously, although he pretended to disdain authorship. He corrected the puff for the first official edition with his own hand, and he went on revising the book until his death. And the *Maxims*, as I read them, are an attempt by a rather scrappily cultured aristocrat (but how many writers have had more than a scrappy culture?) to sum up the experience of his chequered past and frustrated present. He borrowed with well-bred shamelessness from all the books he had read, as is shown in Edmond Dreyfus-Brisac's *La Clef des Maximes de La Rochefoucauld*; he also confined himself to the aphorism, which is a crisp, gentlemanly form, not requiring any pedantic elaboration; but he is writing a *summa* and it is not meant to be paradoxical. He needles away at human nature, taking a vicious pleasure in showing how even the most generous impulses can be traced back to *amour-propre*, that is, to the basic animal necessity of defending one's own interests and thinking well of oneself.

His six hundred or so sharp stabs at mankind, which are also stabs at himself because he is hating himself for his foiled ambitions and aristocratic vanities, are not easy to accept even today. They come very near the bone; they no longer have any element of surprise, of course, but if you are fully aware of their import all the time, it is rather difficult to go on living. The book is an unpleasant and imperfect masterpiece, imperfect mainly because the aphorism is, in the last resort, an unsatisfactory medium which, like the proverb, can often be turned upside down and sound just as true.

Mr Fitz Gibbon's translation marks an improvement on the two incomplete English versions which came out during the inter-war period, but it leaves something to be desired. The key-word, *amour-propre*, is strictly speaking untranslatable, and the best course is probably to leave it unchanged. According to the OED, it has been acclimatised in English since 1818. If the translator rings the changes on 'self-esteem', 'conceit', 'vanity' etc., as he does here, he reduces the important obsessive effect of repetition. Also, Mr Fitz Gibbon occasionally falls into Gallicism or gets the sense wrong. He renders *commerce* as 'business', when it means 'intercourse', *goût* as 'taste' in the physical sense, when it means 'liking for'. However, the major part of Mr Fitz Gibbon's translation is excellent.

The new version of *De l'Amour* is also far better than the pre-war translation. Only very rarely have I been able to detect a misprint or doubtful point (*e.g.*, 'thunderbolts' for *coups de foudre*). The rambling, slightly mad, acute, poetic style has been carefully respected. When reading Stendhal, you get the strange impression that he is the only genuine soul alive in his generation and has gone rather dotty because of that, and is talking away to himself for the want of an adequate audience, like a very intelligent and ardent budgerigar, gurgling and rat-tatting all alone in its cage. This book, which is very similar to his autobiographical writings, is a rag-bag of reflections and impressions, divided roughly into two parts: a general theory of the psychology of love, containing the famous principle of 'crystallisation', and then a series of chapters dealing with love-habits in various countries or at different periods. Some of it has now no more than a historical interest because conventions have changed considerably since Stendhal's day. But a great deal still remains valid, and poetically funny, like the delightful chapter on impotence through excess of emotion which conjures up a vision of whole regiments of Napoleonic dragoons blushingly incapacitated.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

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MacDonald & Co.

The First Labour Government, 1924. By RICHARD W. LYMAN. *Chapman & Hall.* 25*s.*

The clue to much that happened in Ramsay MacDonald's first government can be found in his first interview with George V. The King did not like the *Red Flag*. MacDonald understood. But he had to point out that his supporters 'had got into the way of singing this song and it will be by degrees that he hopes to break down this habit'. He was determined to prove himself respectable, constitutional, competent to govern – even at the cost of confusing and dismaying his party. That, of course, was one reason for the inclusion of Lord Haldane; indeed, he gave Haldane more voice in the formation of his Cabinet than such close colleagues as Henderson and Webb. No matter that Haldane saw himself as the caretaker for the Establishment, nor that he had written to Baldwin immediately after the election: 'The King's government has to be carried on, and I think that you are the only man who has a chance of doing this successfully'. MacDonald had already reached the point where he trusted the Establishment more than his principles or his party.

True, the first Labour government was in a difficult position. Its leaders were inexperienced, its policy had barely moved beyond the stage of slogans, and it was dependent upon the goodwill of the Liberals for its majority. But, as Mr Lyman rightly remarks, it was not the absence of a majority that mattered so much: the crucial failure was the lack of leadership or policy. It might have made sense for MacDonald to work out a compromise with the Liberals – the gap between the election programmes was not very wide – but while he kept his policy moderate to avoid antagonising them he did nothing to secure their positive co-operation. The only useful result of this peculiar relationship was the rout of the Liberals at the next election, and Labour's emergence as the only real opposition party. And this was something that MacDonald neither planned nor foresaw.

It is astonishing that MacDonald's critics within the party were so tolerant. Perhaps they were mesmerised by Labour's sudden arrival in office. But the failure of nerve, imagination and principle on the part of MacDonald and some of his intimates was so marked that now, thirty years later, it is hard to see how they got away with it and lived to promote the disaster of 1931. Consider, for instance, MacDonald's comment on Keynes – at a time when Labour was without any means of coping with mass unemployment: 'We cannot take account,' he said, of 'every mad thing said at Cambridge by Liberal schoolmasters . . . very wordy, very academic and very feeble.' Or take the comment of Willie Graham, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, that 'there was a vast field, especially in finance, which did not lend itself to party politics', or Snowden's dis-

like of a public works programme to relieve unemployment, unless it was revenue-producing. One is driven to the conclusion that the Labour Party went on supporting such leaders because its members took seriously the Tory abuse of MacDonald & Co as fanatical Socialists 'ready to hand this country over to Moscow'.

I wish Mr Lyman had analysed more closely the 'capture' of the Labour leadership by the Establishment, especially on such matters as defence, finance, India and the colonies. Both politically and in terms of personal psychology this is important – not least because the 1924 government marks the point where Labour finally became a 'constitutional' party. But his book, which is rich in descriptive material, leans more to description than analysis. He makes out a strong case for MacDonald's decision to accept a minority government, and to try to govern, rather than to refuse office or to call for a second election on a Socialist platform – as Maxton and others urged. The Maxton line could have been disastrous, given the kind of men who were leading the party and given the airy-fairy phrases which then passed for a Socialist policy. Yet it might have been better to have declined office, and to have let the Liberals support a minority Conservative government if they wished. For, despite some good things that it tried to do – notably John Wheatley's housing policy – the 1924 government was a dress-rehearsal for the collapse of 1931. The real tragedy is that 'Labourism' so dominated the party that no one of importance saw this at the time or knew what to do to prevent MacDonald leading it to near-catastrophe.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Who's Who

Personal Identity. By C. H. ROLPH. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

When Mr Rolph set out to make a study of 'the attitude of the law to the numerous manifestations of human identity', he hit on a subject which unleashes curiously turbulent emotions in the average Englishman. By dour insistence we have won the liberty to assume (with or without legal formality) any name we please, to dress either as man or woman, to withhold information about ourselves from the authorities save in strictly defined situations. When this passionate individualism creates serious trouble owing to an accidental confusion of identities, or a deliberate impersonation, the public blames everyone but themselves. Mr. Rolph is as sensitive a libertarian as one could find, but has too much understanding of the police point of view not to resent the national prejudice against finger-printing, for example, which, as he points out, would harm no one and would have prevented nearly all the classic cases of confusion of identity, with which this very readable, amusing and instructive book is mainly concerned. On the dangers of identification parades, however, he is on the side of the critics but he does not suggest any satisfactory alternative.

Among the famous stories (Beck, Slater, Druce-Portland, Tichborne) rather sketchily dealt with, are scattered less familiar but hair-raising examples of men trapped in a net of undeserved misfortune. In the most exciting episode of all, here told in full for the first time, the three heroes, Emery, Thompson and Powers, were far from blameless; the authorities had every reason to suspect them of the crime (a brutal assault on a constable) with which they were charged,

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but were disquietingly slow to repair the injustice done. A tragic story, very movingly told, is that of Miles Gifford, hanged in 1952 for the murder of his parents, but one doubts if he is best described as a 'split personality' which inevitably suggests a Jekyll-and-Hyde explanation of his behaviour. This is not wholly supported by the evidence and always alienates a jury. It was easy for the prosecution to show that the young man's conduct was more consistent and purposeful than his friends alleged. That he showed personality disintegration is certain enough and the plea of 'diminished responsibility' would probably have saved his life today.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Week-end Competition

Competion No. 1,449 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for a rhyming duologue (limit 8 lines) with Echo, in which she repeats in a different sense the last one or two syllables of each preceding line, *e.g.*

Speaker: My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo: Swine!

Entries by *Monday 16 December.*

Result of No. 1,446 **Set by Cynosure**

When I went into a bar and asked for a Bloody Mary (Vodka, tomato juice and Worcester sauce) the barman answered: 'If only I had some sour grapes and a hair of the dog I could make you a Sputnik cocktail'. Readers are invited to concoct similar topical drinks with real or imaginary ingredients.

Report

Every barman knows it is easier to name a drink than blend it or persuade the customers to drink it. Many ingenious titles in this large entry failed to move across the counter because the joke failed in the mixing. 'Royal Command', 'Tunisian Firecracker', 'Conference Buster', 'Lambeth Livener' and 'Arkansas Fury' are good examples of this kind. The straight pun—'Hail Champagne' and 'Venetian Blind'—usually exhausted the imagination of the entrant. Most entries combined potable fluids with a lacing of metaphor: too much metaphor spoiled the drink. 'Catterick Bull' (Arthur Eames) was a good idea: elbow-grease in equal parts with Brasso. So was Ladybirds' 'Penney Plain': 1 hard-boiled egghead, heavy water, Windscale milk and Christmas Island Port. But E. Brown's 'Pension Promise' was typical of many that overdid it: take blood from stones, add plenty of ice, flavour with watered-down promises, and drink quickly before rigor sets in. It was difficult to find entries with three good efforts. D. R. Peddy, Stanley J. Sharpless and Helen MacGregor win two guineas each, and honourable mentions go to the single drinks quoted after them.

VANISHING DEBUTANTE. Take any medium sweet, only slightly matured wine or White Lady, and add a matured Golden London gin accompanied by one of a number of selected old vintages (gooseberry is recommended).

MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. The foundation of this is the sack, which must be augmented by raspberry vinegar and a sling of Nyet gin. Add a long draught of bitter cup, which is on the whole preferable to the only alternative, bier.

WOLFENDEN FRAPPÉ. A combination of some such cocktail as 'Call Boy' with a port type, to make a further cocktail called 'My Love'. A hint of cordial, diluted by cold water and topped with a sour squash.

D. R. PEDDY

LUCKY JIM. Red brick dust dissolved in gin, to which add the spleen of a young man and a chip off the shoulder.

THE TIMES. An infusion of boiled stuffed shirt in four pennyworth of blue blood.

NEW STATESMAN. Pink gin laced with vodka and water.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

LORDS AND LADIES. Champagne, crushed strawberries, spirits of camphor.

PENSIONER'S PUNCH. Methylated spirit, vinegar, hedge hyssop (the poor man's herb).

KENYA SOP. Black treacle, port, peanut oil.

HELEN MACGREGOR

SPECTATOR SPECIAL. Mix coffee and whisky in an Italian tank and serve as a chaser to Nicholson's pink gin. Very expensive.

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ANGLO-SAXON. 1 wineglass Old Angus whisky, 1 wineglass of hemlock, 1 dash of bitters.

M. H. REYNOLDS

PHONE-TAP. 1 part 'Must', 1 part Advocaat, 1 part 'Mumm', dash of aguagardiente. Warn butler not to spill anything.

G. PRINCE

INFLATION JULEP. A heady, frothy, mint drink, difficult to keep down. This draught (or overdraught) consists of a small deposit of sterling, much gas and 7 per cent cold water.

JAMES FIDGEN

BALLY LAIKA. Squeeze one little lemon through milky whey. Add red herring when curdled.

BEATRICE KALUSHNER

BANK RATE. Keep a leek submerged in a glass of brandy for as long as possible and then strain through the old boy net.

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U.C.C., founded 1887, provides postal courses for LONDON UNIVERSITY General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), and higher examinations for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., *(obtainable without residence)*; Law Society Prelim., Bar (Parts I and II), G.C.E. (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Teachers' Diplomas. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

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UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

City Lights

Hush, Hush, Whisper Who Dares

Stock markets are still quiet, mainly because there is no reason for them to be anything else. For a few days, indeed, the gilt-edged market looked bubbly: sterling was doing well, and Mr Macmillan's optimistic remarks about the gold reserve in a by-election message set everyone expecting a brilliant set of figures for November. But when the figures came, they showed that the gold reserve rose only half as much last month as in October, and has so far recovered only one-third of what it lost in August and September.

Yet the subdued air of the City at the moment is a little deceptive. People are not going about their business any less actively than usual: they are going about it more circumspectly. The credit squeeze is at last beginning to bite hard. Nor is the Bank Rate Tribunal likely to encourage flamboyance. A large number of people and institutions, however clear their consciences, are uneasily aware that their names may somehow, suddenly, be dragged into these embarrassingly public proceedings.

One result of the Tribunal may well be an alteration in the present procedure for announcing Bank rate changes. There is no reason but tradition for announcing the level of Bank rate at 11.30 on a Thursday morning. It could be announced just as well in the evening. But why stop there? The Bank is already realising the disadvantages of the psychological shock produced by dramatic and infrequent changes in the rate. It would prefer the rate to be flexible, reflecting gradual changes in the money market; there is a lot to be said, from the technical point of view, for setting the state of the money market by sales or purchases of securities and leaving the Bank rate passively to reflect this state. In Canada, for example, Bank rate is not jumped around suddenly but fluctuates with weekly changes in the Treasury bill rate.

* * *

The British Petroleum issue has turned out to be much as expected—a £41m. issue of 20-year convertible debenture stock, the largest public issue ever made in this country. There seems little doubt that it will be a considerable success. The conversion rights attached to the stock are extremely generous. One point about the issue is amusing. It was supposed that the government would take this opportunity of divesting itself of its controlling interest in BP, and in fact the government is not applying for the new stock. If BP had issued the £50m. stock it originally intended to issue and everyone who subscribed for it had eventually converted into Ordinary, the common supposition would have been proved correct: the government would have lost control of BP. What went wrong? Why did BP issue only £41m. stock (which leaves the government still in control) instead of the planned £50m.? Simply because the Capital Issues Committee decided that the BP issue should be scaled down a little.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 421. The Proof of the Pudding

In other matters there may be proof enough in the eating, but in chess that is hardly ever good enough. We usually require a great deal of careful post-mortem (or postprandial) analysis to prove that the pudding (though eaten) wasn't really what it ought to have been. Take this ending won by Botvinnik against Najdorf in last year's Alekhine Memorial Tournament at Moscow. At first glance it looks simple enough, and Botvinnik did indeed win it fairly easily in about a dozen moves. But then Aronin and Kopayev and a good many other end-game experts (including Botvinnik and Najdorf themselves) got busy on the position and discovered unexpected and interesting resources for Black. Finally, refuting Aronin's claim for a draw, Max Euwe subjected the position to some extremely thorough analysis and found it to be a win for White, after all. Here, first, is the actual continuation of the game.

(62) R-R5, R-B2; (63) R-Q5, R-R2; (64) P-K5, PxP; (65) PxP, K-K2; (66) P-K6, R-R5; (67) P-Kt5, PxP?; (68) R-Q7 ch, K-B1; (69) R-KB7 ch, K-Kt1; (70) K-Kt6, P-Kt5; (71) P-R6!, PxP; (72) P-K7, R-R1; (73) R-B6, resigns.

Obviously, (74) R-K6, followed by K-B6 and a subsequent R-check on the Kt-file will cost Black's R; and just as obviously, the Black passed P's only useful function was sheltering the enemy K. Now here, deviating on the 67th move is the main line of the Aronin-Kopayev analysis.

(67) . . R-R2!; (68) PxP (R-Q7 ch?), PxP; (69) R-Kt5, R-B2; (70) R-Kt6, R-B4 ch, (71) K-Kt6, R-K4!; (72) KxP, K-B3?; (73) R-R6!, R-KB4!; (74) R-R1, KxP; (75) K-Kt6, R-B3 ch; (76) K-Kt7, R-B2 ch; (77) K-Kt8, R-QKt2; (78) R-KB1! (P-R6?), R-Kt4; (79) P-R6, R-KKt4 ch; (80) K-B8, R-KR4; (81) R-QR1, R-KB4 ch!; (82) K-K8, R-QKt4; (83) R-R6 ch, K-B4; (84) P-R7, R-Kt2; (85) R-KR6, R-Kt1 ch; (86) K-Q7, R-KR1; (87) K-K7, K-Kt4; (88) R-R1, K-Kt3 and Black manages to draw.

Now back to White's 68th, an improvement of Euwe's analysis which secures the win after all. I have space for the main line only, the basic idea being that White must refrain from the P-exchange and attack g7 with the K.

(68) R-K5!, PxP; (69) KxP, K-Q3; (70) R-K1, R-K2; (71) K-Kt6, K-Q4; (72) R-Q1 ch, K-K4; (73) R-Q7, RxP ch; (74) KxP, etc. Obviously, (68) . . . R-R3 would have been countered by (69) K-Kt6!, RxP ch; (70) RxR, KxR; (71) KxP!, PxP; (72) P-R6, etc.

A: Ivanov 1957

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White blundered by (1) R-Q6 and after . . . R-B3 was content with a draw by perpetual check. How could he have won right away? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are draws; the latter should not be too difficult with the useful hint that, while Black ingeniously manages to queen a P, White, no less ingeniously, shelters his K from the lady's importunities. Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 16.

B: Sarychev 1928

C: Korolkov 1930

REPORT on No. 418. Set 16 November.

A: (1) . . . QxKtP ch; (2) KxQ, B-B6 ch and mates next move.

B: (1) Kt-Kt4 ch, KxP!; (2) Kt-B2 ch, K-R5!; (3) KtxR, P-B7; (4) Kt-Q1!, P-B8(Q) ch; (5) Kt-B3 ch, K-R6; (6) R-R5 ch etc.

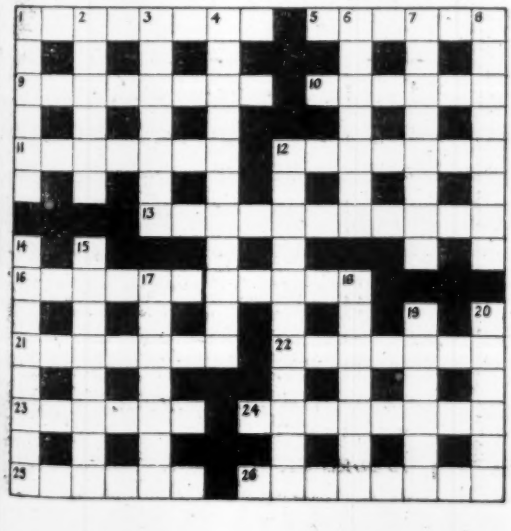
C: (1) B-Q6 ch, K-R1!; (2) B-K4, RxB; (3) R-R8 ch, Kt-Kt1; (4) PxR, QxP; (5) RxKt ch, QxR; (6) BxQ, KxB; (7) K-Kt3 etc.

Even some of the cracks failed to probe the subtlety of (1) . . . KxP in **B**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, J. G. Lloyd, C. Sandberg. In view of many requests from overseas the *final date for entries in our study competition* has been *postponed to 31 March* 1958.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 280

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 280, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 17 Dec.



ACROSS

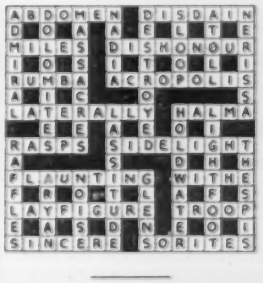
1. Fuel which is fifty per cent. cleaner (8).
5. Exchanges about a thousand for some land unsuitable for agriculture (6).
9. Explain the scattering of seed round the bed (8).
10. Puzzle which has not quite got a possible meaning (6).
11. Where to climb for what is left by the apple-picker? (7).
12. Relative about to take the lead as a villain (7).
13. Signs of economy in footwear (11).
16. The benefit of retiring early (6, 5).
21. Part of a car for a man and his sister (7).
22. Separate, for it is so slow coming after me (7).
23. Responsibility for noise (6).
24. Strips for the doctor (8).
25. Consternation with a theory in time (6).
26. Directed to sit again, the judge made a mistake (8).

DOWN

1. The beggar is a low fellow and half foreign (6).
2. Wind which is a little less than harsh (6).
3. They provide comfort to make love in vehicles (7).
4. Birds play cricket with a county in between drinks (11).
6. Gains about a penny on the gold town (7).
7. Complaint of a fighter with the sun in the east (8).
8. It is careless to hit and run (8).
12. Scatter and reorganise the mess I dine at (11).
14. Those who have left school made better from not being in the limelight (8).
15. A graduate sporadically cleans the instruments (8).
17. Password of a girl on time (7).
18. Double the penny and the bishop would be gratified to give his life (7).
19. Loud noise or place in Wales (6).
20. 'Deep —— in books and shallow in himself' (Milton (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 278



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 278

Norman C. Wormleighton (Tunbridge Wells), Betty Brooman (Bristol 8), W. E. Cossons (Birmingham 29)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GRANADA TV NETWORK

intend to appoint an Advertising Manager responsible for planning and execution of the Company's advertising in all media. We are looking for a man who has an affectionate respect for the English language and is skilled in its use. He needs also to have a good knowledge of typography. The position is an opportunity for a man of intelligence and sensitivity who has not specialised in only one side of advertising, but who has had wide experience of publicity, sales promotion and advertising. The salary, conditions of employment and pension age attractive. Write in confidence to

Sidney L. Bernstein, Chairman.
GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED
36 Golden Square, W1.

FISHERIES Laboratory, Lowestoft. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts under the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Post (a) for a physicist for appointment as Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer according to age, qualifications and experience. Candidates must have a First or Second Class Honours degree in Physics or other appropriate subject and should have the inclination and ability to understand physical oceanography as represented by such works as Sverdrup's 'The Oceans' or Proudman's 'Dynamical Oceanography'. Candidates for appointment at Senior Scientific Officer level must have at least 3 years post-graduate or other approved experience. The duties are to advance knowledge of such problems as the depth reached by turbulent movement at the surface; the penetration of light as it may affect biological production in various waters; the movements of water and variations which may mean success or failure of broods of planktonic fish larvae; the connections if any between the fluctuations in the movements of water masses as observed in widely separated areas of observation. Post (b) for a health physicist and radio chemical inspector and graded as Senior Scientific Officer. Candidates must have a First or Second Class Honours degree in Physics or Chemistry with experience or training in radioactivity. The duties will include the collection and assessment of monitoring data and the design of new monitoring programmes. There will be considerable opportunity for progress within the field of health problems associated with disposal of radioactive wastes, and close association with officers of the Atomic Energy Authority and Ministry of Housing and Local Government. All scientific staff of the Fisheries Department serve at sea in research vessels for up to 90 days per annum. Exceptionally a candidate without the prescribed academic qualifications but otherwise well qualified may be admitted. Age at least 21 but normally no candidate under 26 will be appointed initially to the senior grade. SSO salary scale £1,130-£1,330; starting salary above minimum if exceptionally well qualified. SO scale £595-£1,050; higher starting pay for approved experience and compulsory Forces service. Women's salary somewhat lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Candidates must apply through the normal open competitions for these grades to Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W1, quoting No. S.4771/53/57, if they wish to apply for the SSO grade or S.4771/52/57 for the SO grade. Applic. forms should be returned by 31 Dec. 1957.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Hethersett Centre for Blind Adolescents, nr. Reigate, Surrey (recognised by the Ministry of Education). Resident sighted Housemistress, with experience of Light Crafts, required for January 1958. Also resident sighted Instructor for one or more of the following: Further Education, household mechanics, poultrykeeping, gardening, light crafts. The Centre gives vocational guidance, further education and social training to 25 blind boys and girls (16-18 years). Applicants should be active, energetic and versatile, not necessarily trained teachers, and be prepared to take a full share in residential community life. Salary according to qualifications and experience with full residential emoluments and appropriate Superannuation Scheme. Appl. forms from Secretary-General, RNIB Ref. (EO), 224-8 Great Portland St, W1, to be returned within 14 days of advertisement.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation (London headquarters) offers position as translator/interpreter/reporter. Permanent post with non-contributory superannuation scheme. Three weeks annual paid holiday. Applicants, whose mother tongue should be English, must be able to translate and interpret from French, German, and one or more Scandinavian languages. Should also be capable of producing reports and Minutes of meetings. Previous trade union experience an asset. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous experience, and salary required, together with references should be forwarded to Box 6844.

LINGUIST wanted as full time tutor in Secretarial and Language training College. Knowledge of foreign shorthands an advantage. Apply Box 6899.

HOUSEFATHER wanted in new year for Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd., Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

EDITOR of the Official Report (Hansard) required by Eastern Nigerian Govt on contract for 2 tours of 12/24 months in first instance. Commencing salary according to expce. in scale (including inducement addition) £1,194, rising to £1,344 a year. Gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards children's passages or grant up to £150 annually towards maintenance in UK. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have a knowledge of parliamentary procedure with regard to the correct setting out of the Official Report (Hansard) and the Debate of a Legislative House. They must also have a knowledge of printing routine and should preferably have had experience in similar type of work. They must be capable of controlling reporting and editorial staff and be able to approach Members of the House without difficulty in cases of doubtful reporting. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, SW1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B 44062 NJ.

GRADUATE in Physics required for work on development and physical problems encountered in the design and manufacture of Discharge Lamps and other devices. Applicants will be initially in a small group now being formed at Shaw, Manchester, and will be expected to work in close collaboration with the Company's Central Research Laboratories and the Manufacturing Divisions. The new group at Manchester will be expanded during the next few years so that a senior and responsible position is envisaged for a man with the right outlook and initiative. Apply, giving details of qualifications and experience (if any) to Personnel Officer, The GEC, Ltd., Osram Lamp Works, Brook Green, Hammersmith, W6.

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service (if not already in permanent service) and assignment to following school. Allowance subject to approval of Council on appointment. New school for Boys in North Kensington; Headmaster, E. Davies (for about 1,000 boys); occupying premises of Florence Gladstone and N. Kensington Secondary Schools, expected to open September 1958). Variety of courses, academic, technical and commercial will be provided at all levels, leading to G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' levels and other external examinations. Deputy Headmaster (£325); good qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience and interest in whole field of education. Form EO/TS.10(SR) (s.a.e. f'scap) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 131 Holland Park Avenue, W11. Closing date 20 December. (2250.)

APPLICATIONS invited by LCC for positions of Child Welfare Officers and Assistants. Duties of former include preventive work in connection with applications for reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption, supervision, after-care and other field work connected with deprived children. Child Welfare Officer candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work and should preferably hold degree of Diploma in Social Science. Previous experience not necessary for assistants, who will receive practical training; salaries (under review), Child Welfare Officer, £630-£815. Assistants, £557 10s. (slightly less if under 24),-£705. Apply to Children's Officer (CH/E1/2095), County Hall, SE1, by 1 Jan. next. Previous applications may be renewed by postcard.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in East London; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £520-£667 10s. Commencing according to qualifications and experience. Pensionable position. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 5, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E1. Closing date 11 December 1957.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (whole-time) required for new child guidance unit to be opened at Queen's Road Centre, Peckham, in January 1958, to work with psychiatrist and educational psychologist as team. The position, which will provide opportunities for original and intensive work, is permanent and pensionable. Whitley salary (£585-£810 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Clerical assistance provided. Forms from Medical Officer of Health (Ph/D, 1/2176), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 31 December, 1957.

SUSSEX Coast - Warden required for old People's home (about 40). Apply giving age and qualifications to Box 6905.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Secretary to its International Department. Knowledge of international affairs, the Labour Movement and the Socialist International, languages, and drafting ability essential. Application forms can be obtained from Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. When completed the application form should be returned with specimens of written work, not later than Wednesday, 8 January 1958.

LONDON Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Development Officer required (male) experience and/or qualifications in youth work essential. Salary scale £500-£750 p.a. plus family allowance. Application form from the Organising Secretary, St Anne's House, Venn Street, London, SW4, which must be returned within two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer - female. Communications stating full particulars, exper., etc., should be addressed to Asst. Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

ART School graduate (woman) for checking colourprint editions, repetitive work to be done conscientiously. Ganymed Press (Printing), near Hayes, Middlesex. Telephone WAXlow 1656.

EXPERIENCED Secretary or Bookkeeper required to take charge of office in West End Art Gallery; male or female. Good references essential. State salary reqd. Box 6876.

LONDON Philharmonic Orchestra. Secretary to General Manager from 30 December. Interesting work, 5-day week, starting salary £8 p.w. Requirements: shorthand typing, interest in music, general intelligence, age under 30. Write to General Manager, 53 Welbeck St, W1.

ACCOUNTS Dept. req. Lady good at figs., knowl. of PAYE. Intng., varied work. S/typing an advg. English Folk Dance & Song Soc., NW1. GUL. 2206 for appnt.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, has vacancy for young man to deal with post. £8 10s. p.w. Three weeks' holiday. Hours 9-5 & alternate Saturday mornings. Some travel facilities. Age 19-21. Write Box 6930.

ASSOCIATION for Consumer Research, Ltd., is appointing a Secretary to the Association. Salary, £750 p.a. Duties include managing a small office, supervising membership records, initiating and handling correspondence, and assisting in membership promotion and editorial work. Typing essential, shorthand desirable. Central London address. Send full details of qualifications, age and experience to Box 6907.

ASSOCIATION for Consumer Research, Ltd., has vacancy for fully competent shorthand-typist. Salary 10 gns. pw. Central London address. Send full details of qualifications, age and experience to Box 6908.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist, experienced, interesting and varied work - only those possessing a marked sense of responsibility and considerable initiative need apply. Applications in writing to Dr A. P. D. Thomson, Anatomy Department, Medical School, Birmingham, 15.

ESTAB. touring marionette theatre requires actress or girl with vocal versatility. Lewis, 151 Adelaide Rd, NW3. PRI. 7917.

CABINET-maker wanted for new firm setting out to build decent residential caravans at fair prices. Landsmans Services, Buckden, Huntingdon. (Tel. Buckden 287.)

VACANCY for enterprising young woman interested in international relations, prepared for really hard work and responsibility in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Previous experience not essential. Write: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, Strand, WC2.

LARGE advertising Agency requires two part-time interviewers for motivation research. Candidates (men or women) should have had first-class experience in psychological, sociological or similar fields of research. Box 6881.

RELIGIOUS society, liberal outlook, needs services of competent office secretary; shorthand essentl. No Sat. Apply Rev. Arthur Peacock, 23 Norfolk Sq., W2.

WANTED for January, housemistress interested in town and country pursuits. Some previous work with children essentl. Teaching or matron exp. an asset. Box 6141.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary within A.P.T. I scale (£575 x £30 to £725). Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by 16 December 1957.

THOROUGHLY experienced Kindergarten Mistress (Froebel) wanted May or before. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. An assistant matron required January for boarding house of boys and girls aged 12 to 13; working with others under House Mother. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply Mrs. King Harris.

TRAVEL Agency near Oxford Circus requires following staff: Assistant in Reservations Department, £10 p.w.; Assistant for Records & Telephone Relief, good typing, £9 10s.; Shorthand-typist, £9 10s. Vacancies are for women 20-25 yrs. Hours 9-5 or 10-6 by arrangement, and about every other Saturday morning. Three weeks' holiday and some free foreign travel. Write Box 6929.

UNCOMPLICATED, adaptable, willing person with Froebel or equivalent training wanted to live with family Highland coast and to take charge of small nursery school. Please reply fully. Box 6860.

HOUSEKEEPER sought, Birmingham; 2 schoolgirls in household. Large b/s, board with family wage. Child welcome; reciprocal babysitting. Box 6864.

TEACHER - out all day - offers furn. room plus small salary to educated woman - return household help. Help given. Croydon. Box 6759.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PERSONNEL Officer (woman) previous experience, married without encumbrances, seeks personnel appointment, in industrial organisation, north west Surrey or within reasonable travelling distance of Waterloo Stn. Details of exp. gladly sent. Box 6879.

SEC., sh./typing or clerical post reqd. immed., without age limit. Box 6857.

CATERING Officer & Pharmacist wife wish to join organisation for humanitarian work. Refugees or such. Remun. unimport. if work of social/internat'l value. Box 6794.

WANTED, New Year, W1, W2, WC2, full-time post for 8 months each year; very expd. credit control woman clerk, high-speed shorthand-typist, dictate own correspondence; fair salary, five-day week. Box 6916.

HISTORIAN, 1st class hons., with wide experience in political, Commonwealth and contemporary affairs, seeks part-time work, research, writing, editorial. Interest rather than remuneration. Box 6896.

FELLOWSHIPS

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A., may be up to £2,000 (subject to Income Tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO.WA/14), The County Hall, SE1. (Stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary for return by 28 February, 1958.) (2183)

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

CHIPPENDALE & Partners, 40 Poland St, W1. GERrard 2835-6. Specialist typists for MSS, theses, plays, scripts, etc. Duplicating, translations, tape transcriptions.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 45 Great Russell St, London, WC1. MUSeum 7558.

EXPERT Dupg/Typg Theses, MSS, plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

WE type from recorded tapes. MSS, bus./priv. letters. Same day collec./deliv. London—or by post. Hire/sell tape recorders. Tape Typing. WEL 5643, MON. 4107.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, ECI. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc., Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MABEL Eyles & Partners (Dupg., Translating, Reporting). Verbatim Shthnd. Writers: 'Round the Clock' Dupg., 395 Hornsey Rd, N19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED

requires a Personnel Manager to be based in Manchester and a Personnel Officer to be based in London, but responsible to the Manager in Manchester.

Applicants should write, giving full particulars, to the Managing Director,

GRANADA TV NETWORK

36, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private Tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS/New Year. You are still in time to book for one of our English Christmas arrangements (house parties and hotel arrangements), our Christmas party to Vienna or one of our Christmas or New Year Winter Sports holidays in Austria or Switzerland. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

CLERGYMAN needs private loan of £200. Wd. repay £50 a year plus interest at 8 per cent. Please help. Box 6768.

SLIGHTLY offbeat family living 35 miles South of London requires household help during Christmas holidays. The 'appointment' involves hard work, grossly underpaid, but there is a happy and sometimes amusing atmosphere, good food, warm house, fairly civilised interests, over 250 long playing records, mostly Mozart and Boccherini. Family consists of daughters aged 14, 13 and 11, both parents, horse, large elderly cat. Ability to cook wd. be great asset. Box 6877.

YOUNG capable married woman with small daughter seeks accomm. in exchange part-time help. Pref. London. Box 6910.

RELIABLE Spanish girl wants return London in Feb. Au Pair. MOU. 6307.

XMAS. Owing to unexpected cancellation, 2 large rooms (single beds) available in beautiful country house for party of friends. Excellent food, huge log fires, happy atmosphere. Xmas card setting. The Hallams, Nr. Guildford, 'phone Bramley 3068.

COFFEE Bar/Café for sale in well-known village 25 mls. Lond. Renewable lease. Excellent turnover. Good potential. Box 6912.

FORMER members of Austrian tourist club 'Naturfreunde' and others interested in walking, mountaineering and skiing holidays please contact Mr Alan Field, 84 Grampians, W6. SHE 8388 to form branch.

AUSTRALIA via India by car. Fellow travellers welcomed to rendezvous and convoy difficult stretches Oct. '58. Or grateful for advice. Becker, 2 Windmill St., W.1.

WINTER in Tangier. From December, B. & B. in luxury flat. Write Moore, 31 Rue de Gibraltar, Tangier, Morocco.

GIVE your friends handmade pottery this Xmas. Come and choose it at Briglin Pottery, 66 Baker Street, W1.

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